



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

EdueT 99200.914.4



Harvard College Library
THE GIFT OF
GINN AND COMPANY



3 2044 102 787 843

**THE
REVISED INSULAR
THIRD READER**

BY

DAVID GIBBS

**FORMERLY DIVISION SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS**



**NEW YORK .. CINCINNATI .. CHICAGO
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY**

Edg. T 99200.914.4

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
GIFT OF
GINN & CO.
DEC 11 1930

COPYRIGHT, 1905, 1912, 1914, BY
DAVID GIBBS.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL, LONDON.

REVISED INSULAR THIRD READER.

W. P. 5

PREFACE

THIS book concludes the Insular Series of Readers, and finishes the pupil's general preparation for the reading of standard selections of English literature. In it he is largely freed from the limitations of vocabulary and sentence structure, which were necessary in his previous studies. It prepares him to enter upon extended studies in English and to converse easily on the common topics of daily life.

The lessons included are about things familiar or directly applicable to the lives of the pupils. Among the tales are some of the best in English literature, which are most adaptable or teach lessons of special value, and one or more of the best tales of the Japanese, Chinese, Indian, Arabian, and European, thus widening the pupil's horizon and correlating his reading with his geography. But most of the tales are derived from Malayan life, and are distinctly oceanic and tropical. Many phases of the life of the people and many objects in the environment—the cocoa palm, the rice, corn, potato, bamboo, mangrove, and other plants, as well as many birds, fishes, and animals of the forest—are surrounded by a new life, which teaches indirectly but effectively the sterling qualities of a great people,—industry, honesty, kindness, justice, and patriotism. The selections appeal to what is familiar, racial, and instinctive, and possess the fundamental qualities of interest and adaptability.

Considerable attention is given to industries and nature study. Nearly all the more common plants and animals are either described in special lessons or given prominent parts in the folk-tales. Observation is encouraged, and kindness to animals is emphasized in many ways.

In this book the pupil is required to apply his knowledge of phonics, acquired in the study of the preceding Readers of this Series. By referring to the "Word List" for the definition of new words, he is introduced to the use of the dictionary.

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
Doing a Kindness	5	White Ants	118
✓ A Cruel Boy	7	Bird Trades	123
The Bird, the Bee, and the Ant	10	A Holiday	124
Trying to Please Everybody . .	11	Christmas in America	128
The Hornbills	15	Christmas Everywhere	134
Two Honest Men	18	The First Christmas	135
The Lost Horse	21	How the Sea Became Salt . . .	136
✓ Try, Try Again	25	The Camel	143
The First Monkey	26	The Camel and his Master . .	144
The Stolen Corn	28	Hassan and his Horse	146
Woo Sing and the Mirror . . .	31	All Things Beautiful	149
Who Loved Best	33	Grasses	150
Do Your Duty	35	The Rice and the Rainbow	
✓ The Elves and the Shoemaker	35	Country	154
The Bees and the Flies	40	The Best Recommendations . .	158
Brave and True	43	Keep Trying	161
Simpleton	45	Juan's Dinner	162
The Bamboo Mother	51	Ourasima, the Little Fisherman	170
Sleep, Baby, Sleep	55	Evening Prayer	176
Sweet and Low	56	The Tiny Lantern of Yamato .	177
True Friends	57	The Three Kingdoms	181
David and Goliath	59	Good-by, God bless you . . .	183
Eyes and No Eyes	63	The Ten Servants	184
The Wind	71	What to do	188
A Cruel Man's Dream	72	The Elephant	189
The Bell of Justice	76	The Blind Men and the Ele-	
The Monkey's Justice	81	phant	193
Suppose	84	A Story without an End . . .	195
✓ The Coconut	85	Daybreak	199
Edible Birds' Nests	89	The Noblest Deed	201
Rules of Health	92	King Solomon and the Mothers	204
A Chinese Story	95	A Lesson from Confucius . . .	207
How Silk is Made	100	A True Servant	210
✓ Where Spiders Came From . .	102	The Piper of Hamelin	214
Love	106	The Coral Grove	219
The Birds, the Beasts, and the		The Spring Maiden	221
Bat	106	Our Native Land	229
Battle for the Right	109	My Country	229
A Stone in the Road	110	Key to Marks of Pronuncia-	
The Whistle	114	tion	231
A Cup of Water	116	Word List	232

THIRD READER



chīēōŝ
tīrød

wēāk
strōng

mīlēŝ
lāmø

wīdōŵ
sāl̄t

DOING A KINDNESS

One day, two boys were walking to market. They saw a poor woman carrying a large jar and a basket full of chicos.

The boys thought the woman looked tired

and ill. One boy said: "That woman is too old to carry so much. Let us help her."

They went to her and said: "Are you going to the market? May we carry the jar and the basket for you?"

"Yes, I am going to the market," said the woman. "You are very kind. I am weak and ill this morning."

One boy carried the jar and the other boy carried the basket. As they walked along the woman told them that she lived more than two miles from the market. She said that the chicos grew on a tree in her garden, and that she had caught the frogs which were in the jar.

She was very poor. She was a widow and had a lame son. She said, "I shall tell my son how kind you have been to me."

When they came to the market, the woman said, "Please take some of the chicos for your work."

"No, thank you," said the boys, "we do not want any pay for helping you. You are old and we are young and strong. Mother

taught us to be kind to every one, and to be useful in any way we can."

Then the woman sold the frogs and the chicos. She bought rice, sugar, and salt, and went home. She told her son how two little boys had been very kind to her, and had helped her. The two boys made the poor woman and her son happy that day.



stōnēs
flūttēred

shōōt
prōtēet

ānīmal
prōūd

vōiçēs
lōūdly

A CRUEL BOY

Once there was a boy who liked to throw stones and to shoot with a bow and arrows. He tried to hit every bird and little animal that he saw.

Near his home a mother bird had a nest in a tree. She was very happy, for she had five little birds in the nest. Every day, from morning until evening, she gathered worms, seeds, and insects for the little birds to eat.

The little birds were always hungry. They ate all she could bring them and opened their mouths wide for more.

It was hard work for the mother, but she loved her little ones, and was glad to work for them. She thought that they would soon be large enough to fly. Then they would all be happy together, and she would have time to rest. She would be very proud of her children.

One afternoon the mother bird was carrying a large worm to the nest. She was tired and stopped on a wall to rest. The boy saw her. He shot an arrow at her and hit her.

She was much hurt. She fluttered and hopped on the ground to the tree where her nest was. But she could not get up to the nest, for one of her wings was broken.

She called to her little ones, and they called to her as loudly as they could. She knew their voices. She knew that they were hungry, but she could not go to feed them.

She tried again and again to fly, but she only fell on her side on the ground. She heard her little ones calling and calling. She tried to answer, but her voice was too low and weak. Before night came, the poor mother bird was dead.

The little ones called, but there was no answer. They could never see their mother again. They were very hungry, but there was no mother to feed them.

That night the air was cool and the rain fell. The little birds became wet and cold. The mother bird, with her dry, warm feathers, was not there to protect them. Before morning they were all dead.

The bad boy had killed six birds with his one arrow. Do you know who that boy was? If you ever meet him, please tell him how the poor mother bird and her little ones died.

gratēful

triflē

toil

soil

THE BIRD, THE BEE, AND THE ANT



BIRD

Little bird, with pretty wing,
Stopping now and then to
sing,

Can you, in your happy way,
Teach us something new to-
day?

The little bird said in his
nest in the tree,

That we should be grateful and joyous as he.



BEE

Busy bee, from flower to flower,
You are flying every hour ;
Can you, in your humming way,
Teach us something new to-day ?
The bee does not trifle her

minutes away ;

And we should be active in work or in play.



ANT

Little ant, why do you toil,
In the dirt and in the soil ?
Can you, in your working way,
Teach us something new to-day ?

My dear little children, the ant might well say,
 “I tell you to work and to work while you
 may.”

lēādīng ēvērybōdý frjēnds tākīng āshāmēd
 foolish drowⁿēd ēāsilý lāzý drōppēd

TRYING TO PLEASE EVERYBODY

One day a man and his son were leading a little horse to town to sell it. They met some women coming home from the market carrying their baskets and bundles, and talking and laughing.

One woman said: “Look there! Did you ever see such foolish people? Why do they both walk when one might ride on the horse?”

The man heard this and told his son to get on the horse and ride. When they had gone a little farther, they met some old men. They were all talking.

One man said: “Now, look there! See that lazy boy riding on the horse, while his poor old father is walking.”

When the father heard this, he said to his

son: "We will try to please these men. Get off the horse and I will ride him myself."

They had not gone far in this way when they met some children. "See there!" they said. "See that little boy walking and the big, strong man riding on the horse."

When the father heard this, he did not know what to do. He said: "The women thought that some one should ride the horse. The old men thought I should ride, and now the children think you should ride. I think we shall please everybody if we both ride the horse."

So the man took his son on the horse, and they rode on toward the town.

Near the town they met some young men. The young men laughed when they saw the man and his son riding the little horse. The man stopped and said, "My friends, why are you laughing?"

One of the men said: "You must be a very cruel man to make your little horse carry such a heavy load. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I know we are heavy for the horse, but we were only trying to please some of our friends," said the father.

"Well, you look big and strong," said the



man. "I think that you could carry the horse more easily than he can carry you."

Then the father and son got off the horse. The father said to his son: "It will be hard work to carry the horse, but we have not far to go. So we will try to please these people."

Then they tied the horse's legs together, and carried the horse on a large bamboo.

He was a very heavy load for them. "I think we must be pleasing every one now," said the father.

But the horse did not like being carried in this way. When they were going over a bamboo bridge near the market, the horse broke the rope on one of its legs and began to kick. The boy dropped his end of the bamboo, and the horse fell into the water and was drowned.

The man said: "My son, I think that we have not been wise to-day. We tried to please everybody, but we have pleased no one and have lost our horse."

If good is sown, then good will grow ;
If bad is sown, then bad will grow.
This good or bad the end will show.

We can do more good by being good than in any other way.

Be not simply good ; be good for something.

hörn	rōarīng	mālø	eāgø
hōllōw	elättēring	fēmālø	förgēt
æktivø	mātø	eōmplāin	eōvērø

THE HORNBILLS

This bird is called a hornbill, because it has a large horn on its bill. Although it makes the bird's head look heavy, this horn is hollow and very light and strong.



The hornbills are large birds. Some of them are as large as chickens. They are very active. They jump about in the trees and make loud, roaring sounds. When they fly they make a clattering sound with their bills. They eat fruit and some insects and small animals.

When the hornbills want a nest, the male bird and his mate look about in the forest until they find a hollow in a tree. The

mother bird goes into the hollow, and the father bird brings clay and covers the hole so that she cannot come out. He leaves a hole large enough for her to put her bill through.

The mother bird pulls out some of her feathers and makes a soft nest. In this nest she lays the eggs. When the little birds hatch, she stays in the nest to feed them until they are nearly old enough to fly.

The father bird feeds his mate and her little ones through the hole in the clay. Every day he has to work very hard, but he is not lazy. He is a good father. He sleeps every night in a tree near by. When the rain comes, he gets wet. But he does not complain, for he loves his wife and children.

When the little birds are large enough, he tears away the clay from the nest. The mother bird and her little ones come out. Then they have a happy, noisy time.

When they have no nest and no little birds to care for, the father and mother bird always

go about the forest together. They are always happy and never quarrel.

One day a man caught a male bird in a net. He took it to his home and put it in a cage. The hornbill's mate followed the man to his house. When she saw her mate in the cage, she flew around the house and made loud calls.

The male bird tried to get out of the cage, but could not. He called to the female bird, and she answered him with loud calls from the tree tops.

Then he became very sad. He would not eat or drink. In a few days he died. But each day for many days, the female bird came to the house and called and called. She could not forget her mate.



hōnēst	plōwīng	āgreed	neīghbōr
rēnt	nēīthēr	dīffīcūlt	mārry
strūck	trōublē	dēlightēd	nōbōdy

TWO HONEST MEN

Many years ago there lived a poor man who wanted to have a home of his own. He did not like to pay rent every year for his house and land. So he worked very hard and in a few years had money enough to buy a small farm.



One day, while he was plowing one of his fields, his plow struck a jar in the ground. The jar was full of gold and silver money.

“Oh, all this money is mine!” he said. “How rich I am now!” But then he thought: “No, this money is not mine. I may never be rich, but I can always be honest.”

Nobody saw him find the money, and he might have kept it all for himself, if he had wished. He had paid a good price for the

farm, but he did not think he had bought the money that was in the ground.

He took the money and carried it to his neighbor of whom he had bought the land. He said to him: "Here is some money that was left in the ground which I bought of you some time ago. I found it while I was plowing this morning."

"Why do you bring it to me?" said the neighbor.

"Because it belongs to you," said the farmer.

"No, it does not belong to me," said the neighbor. "It belongs to you, for I sold the ground to you and all that was in it. The money is not mine and I shall not take it."

But the farmer said: "I paid for nothing but the land. The money is not mine. It must be yours."

For a long time the men talked, but neither would take the money. Both were honest and neither would take what he thought did not belong to him. Their friends said, "Let the farmer take half, and the neighbor half."

But they did not think it right to take the money.

At last the farmer said : " Let us go and tell the king. He will know what is best for



us to do." The neighbor agreed, and they went to the king's house.

The king first heard the farmer and then the neighbor. Then he said : " It is very difficult to tell which of you should take the money. But it is easy to see that you are both very honest men. Have you any children ? "

"I have a daughter," said the farmer.
 "And I have a son," said his neighbor.

"Then, I can tell you what to do with the money," said the king. "If the neighbor's son will marry the farmer's daughter, we will give the money to the young people and they may buy a home with it."

The farmer and his daughter, the neighbor and his son, were all delighted, and so the trouble was ended. That year the rice, sugar-cane, and corn grew so well in the fields of the farmer and his neighbor, that they both had all the money they could wish for.

ālealde	sūrēļ	blind	rūbbēd
fōōtprints	stēal	fōrēlēg	āgainst

THE LOST HORSE

One day a man was going from his home in the mountains to a town on the seashore. He had learned how to use his eyes, and as he went along he saw many things which other people would not have seen.

When he was nearly at the seashore, he met two men. They said: "Good morning, friend. We have lost a horse. Did you see a stray horse as you came over the mountains?"

"Was he blind in the right eye?" said the man.

"Yes, he was," said the men.

"Was he lame in the left foreleg?"

"Yes, he was."

"Was he carrying salt on the right side?"

"Yes, he was!"

"Was he carrying sugar on the left side?"

"Yes! yes!" said the men. "Where did you see the horse?"

"I did not see the horse," said the man; "but I think you will find him somewhere not far from a little brook in the mountains."

"You could not know so much about the horse if you had not seen him," said the men.

The horse was carrying some money besides salt and sugar. The men were very angry, for they thought that the man had stolen the money. They tied his hands behind him, and took him to the alcalde.



They told the alcalde how they met the man in the path at the foot of the mountains and asked him about the horse, and what he said. "He has surely seen our horse and taken our money," they said.

Then the alcalde said to the man, "How did you know that the horse was blind in the right eye?"

"I thought he was blind in the right eye, because I saw that he had eaten grass and leaves from only the left side of the path," said the man.

"How did you know he was lame in the left foreleg if you did not see him?" said the alcalde.

"I thought he was lame in the left foreleg," said the man, "because the prints of the foot on that leg were not so deep in the mud as the other footprints."

"How could you tell that he was carrying salt on one side and sugar on the other?" said the alcalde.

"I thought he was carrying salt on the right side, because in one place I saw a little salt on the right side of the path. In another place, where the horse had rubbed his left side against a tree, there was a little sugar on the tree, and the ants were eating it.

"I did not see the horse, but I first saw his footprints by a brook in the mountains. I think that the horse walked up the brook, and that the men will find him there."

Then the alcalde said to the men: "This man did not steal your horse. He has used his eyes well. Go and use yours as well in finding the horse."

heed	cōūrāgē	pērsēvērē	rēward
sūcēed	āppēār	cōnquēr	pātience

TRY, TRY AGAIN

'Tis a lesson you should heed,

Try, try again.

If at first you don't succeed,

Try, try again.

Then your courage should appear,

For, if you will persevere,

You will conquer, never fear ;

Try, try again.

If you find your task is hard,

Try, try again.

Time will bring you your reward,

Try, try again.

All that other folks can do,

Why, with patience, should not you ?

Only keep this rule in view, —

Try, try again.

An honest man is the noblest work of God.

wiřest	stōřý	almōst	tāil
reāllý	fōrgōttēn	chättēr	fit

THE FIRST MONKEY

A long, long time ago, people say, there were no monkeys in the world. But now there are many monkeys. They are the wisest animals in the forest.

Some monkeys look very much like little men. The people say this is because the first monkey really was a man.

If you ask them how the man became a monkey, they will tell you this story:—

“In a town near the forest a young man lived with his father, mother, brothers, and sisters. We have forgotten his name, but we know that he was very lazy. All that he wanted to do was to sit in the house, or talk, or play, or eat and sleep.

“When he was a boy, he did not like to work. If his mother asked him to get a jar of water, or pound some rice, he would say, ‘Wait a minute,’ or ‘I will do it after a while.’

“If she asked him to carry some eggs to the market, he would say, ‘To-morrow I will carry them.’ But he never carried the water, or pounded the rice, or helped his mother when she went to the market.



“His father was a farmer. One day after the rains began, his father, mother, brothers, and sisters were all going into the fields to plant rice. The lazy boy was almost a man now. They asked him to help them plant the rice. He did not want to work, but he walked to the fields to see them work.

“He would not plant any rice, and his father became very angry. He took a stick and threw it at his lazy son, and said: ‘You are good for nothing. You are not fit to be a man.’

“The stick hit the young man on the back. The stick became a tail. He grew smaller and smaller, and hair grew over his body. His white clothes fell away. He tried to talk, but could only chatter. He had become a monkey. He was afraid and ran away to the forest. He was the father of all the monkeys.”

awōkē	ēarlŷ	māstēr	gīvən	hūndrēds
erōp	fāstēr	sōrrŷ	erōwŷ	sīnglē

THE STOLEN CORN

Once there was a man who went to help a farmer gather corn. Every day he brought home as much corn as he could carry in his pockets. He had stolen it from the farmer.

In this way the man soon had corn enough

to plant a large field. The corn grew very well. It was better than the farmer's corn.

One evening, when the ears were ripe, the man said to himself, "What a large crop of corn I have; to-morrow I will gather it."

But very early in the morning, before the man was awake, hundreds of crows came to the field. They began to eat the corn, and made so much noise that the man awoke. He ran out to the field and tried to drive the crows away.



They soon flew away, but each crow carried an ear of corn with it. They flew to one of the farmer's fields. There many of them dropped their corn and came back to the man's field for more.

While the crows were flying, the man heard one of them say:—

**"It is not right
For a man to rob his master;
So let us fly,
Then, faster and faster."**

The crows did not leave a single ear of corn in the man's field.

When the farmer saw so many crows coming to his field, he ran out to drive them away. But he saw that the crows were bringing the corn from the man's field, and heard them say:—

**"It is not right
For a man to rob his master;
So let us fly,
Then, faster and faster."**

Then the crows flew away and left the corn in the farmer's field.

When the man saw the farmer in his field, he went to him and said: "Friend, I stole this corn from you when I was helping you gather your crop last year. Now the crows have given it back to you."

"I am sorry that I took the corn. I shall never steal again, for now I know that no good can ever come from what is stolen."

mīrrōr	āngry	ūndērstand	rēcēivēd
ēxāctly	rēply	rēmēmber	āngriēr

WOO SING AND THE MIRROR

The Chinese tell this story about a little boy named Woo Sing.

One day Woo Sing's father, who had been to the great city, brought home a mirror. He placed it in the room while Woo Sing was out at play.

Woo Sing had never seen a mirror. When he came into the room and looked into the mirror, he did not understand it. He thought he saw another boy.

This made him very happy, for he thought this strange boy had come to play with him. He spoke kindly to the boy but received no reply. Then he laughed and waved his hands to the boy in the glass, but the boy laughed and waved his hands in exactly the same way.

Then Woo Sing stopped to think about this strange boy and his strange actions. He said to himself: "That boy mocks me. He does everything I do. I am angry with him."



Woo Sing saw that the boy in the mirror looked angry, too. This made him so angry that he walked up to the mirror and struck the boy. But he only hurt his hand, and crying with pain he went to tell his father.

The father said: "The boy whom you saw

in the mirror was not another boy. It was your own image.

“This should teach you a very good lesson. You should never show your anger before other people.

“You struck the boy in the glass and hurt only yourself. Remember that when you strike another person without a good cause, you will hurt yourself most of all.”

There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

rōckəd	rējoicəd	tēasəd	cheerful
lēaving	tōngwə	pōutəd	guēssəd

WHO LOVED BEST

“I love you, mother,” said little John.
Then, forgetting work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

“ I love you, mother,” said pretty Nell ;
“ I love you better than tongue can tell.”
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

“ I love you, mother,” said little Fan,
“ To-day I’ll help you all I can.
How glad I am that school doesn’t keep ! ”
So she rocked the baby till he fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she took the broom,
And swept the floor, and dusted the room ;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

“ I love you, mother,” again they said,
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think that mother guessed,
Which of them really loved her best ?

Words are easy, like the wind ;
Faithful friends are hard to find.

We live to-day ; to-morrow’s light
May not be ours ; then live aright.

swěrvø

sěrvø

røŭgh.

brāvøļŷ

DO YOUR DUTY

Do your duty, little man ;

That's the way.

There's some duty in the plan

Of every day.

Every day has some new task

For your hand ;

Do it bravely, — that's the way

That life's made grand.

Do your duty ; never swerve,

Through smooth or rough,

Until God, whom all do serve,

Says, " It's enough."

mīdnight

elves

trouſers

ěarn

sŭrprīſed

bŭyers

øught

pěrhaps

fāmīļŷ

prayers

alrēadŷ

īnstēad

THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER

There was once a shoemaker who worked very hard. He was poor and honest. He

always made shoes of the best leather, and sewed them together as strongly as he could.

But he did not earn enough money to buy food and clothing for his family. At last he had leather enough to make only one more pair of shoes. In the evening he cut the pieces for these shoes, and then went to bed.

He was not troubled, for he had always been kind and good to every one. He said his prayers, and went to sleep.

In the morning, when he went to his shop to finish the shoes, he saw the shoes on his bench. They were already made. He was very much surprised, and did not know what to think.

The shoes were well made. While the shoemaker sat on his bench looking at them, a man came into the shop and said: "I want a pair of shoes. Do you think you have a pair that will fit me?"

"This is the only pair I have," said the shoemaker. "They are very good shoes. If you will try, perhaps they will fit you."

The man put the shoes on. He was so



well pleased with them that he paid the shoemaker a good price for them.

With the money the shoemaker bought leather enough to make two pairs of shoes. He cut out the pieces for the shoes, and then went to bed. He thought he would get up very early and make the shoes.

But when he came to the shop in the morning, he found that the work was already done. The shoes were so well made that some buyers that day paid him well for them.

With the money he bought leather enough

for four pairs of shoes. He cut the pieces before he went to bed. But in the morning the shoes were all made. The shoemaker wished very much to know who was doing the work for him. He asked all his neighbors and friends about it, but they did not know who was helping him.

So for many days the shoemaker always found the shoes made in the morning. They were so well made and so many people came to buy of him that he soon had money enough to live well.

One evening he said to his wife, "Dear wife, I am going to sit up to-night and see who makes the shoes for us." His wife said, "I will stay with you." So they left the light burning and hid where they could see the bench.

When the clock was striking midnight, two little elves came into the room. They sat on the shoemaker's bench, took the pieces which he had cut out, and began to sew and nail them together.

The shoemaker was surprised to see how

fast they could make the needles and the hammers go. Long before morning the shoes were all made, and the good elves went away as quick as a wink.

The next day the wife said to the shoemaker: "Those little elves have made us



rich, and we ought to do something for them. They have no coats. I will make each of them a shirt, a coat, and trousers, and you may make each a pair of shoes."

The good shoemaker and his wife at once sat down to their work. One evening when the things were all ready, they put them on the bench instead of the pieces for the shoes.

Then they hid again where they could see the elves.

At midnight the little fellows came. They laughed and danced when they saw the clothes. They dressed themselves and jumped about. They were as happy as they could be. They danced out of the room and never came again, but the shoemaker lived well for many years.

tribe	busy	future	fresh	disgrace
stored	blooming	foolish	season	until

THE BEES AND THE FLIES

Once, some people say, the bees and the flies lived together in the same tribe. Just as among people there are some who like to work and some who are lazy, so in this bee tribe there were lazy bees and busy bees.

They all lived together. When the flowers were blooming and there was plenty of food, they gathered it and stored it away to be eaten when no food could be found.

But the lazy bees did not like to gather

honey. They did not care about the future. All they wanted was enough to eat to-day.

When the working bees asked them to do some work, they said: "This is a fine day and we have plenty to eat. To-morrow we will do the work." But when to-morrow came, they went off to play in the sunshine, and never did any work.

One day the queen bee said to them: "You are very foolish bees. If you gather no food now, while the flowers are fresh, what will you do when the dry season comes, and all the flowers are dead? I want you to go with the other bees to-day and gather honey."

"No," said the lazy bees, "we cannot go to-day. We have something to look at down by the brook." They flew away, and all day they played among some rotten bananas which had fallen from a tree. They thought that when the dry season came, the busy bees would let them eat some of the honey which they had gathered.



But the queen bee said to her workers: "Those lazy bees shall not come into our nest again. We will move to another nest and take all our food with us. Then you may gather more honey, so that we shall have plenty to eat until the flowers come again."

The lazy bees played every day and gathered no honey. When the dry season began, and there was no honey for them in the dead flowers, they asked their queen for food.

"No," said the queen, "you shall have no food from us. You are too lazy to live with bees."



FLY

"We are just as good as the other bees," said one of the lazy bees.

Then the queen was angry and said: "You are a disgrace to the bee tribe. You will not work. You want only to play and eat. From this day you shall be flies."

Then all the lazy bees became flies. They only eat and play, and when there is no food they die.

Pērsia	ēvil	journey	sūddenly	piēces
Ortānes	hāte	fāmous	beliēve	worth
coward	bēlt	rōbber	sūrprised	cāptain

BRAVE AND TRUE

Many years ago, in the country of Persia, boys were taught to be brave and truthful. The people said: "Only a coward will tell a lie. Truth is beautiful, but a lie is evil. Always love truth."

In this country lived a boy named Ortanes. His parents wished to send him on a long journey to study in a famous school. So they sent him with some merchants who were going to the same place.

On the evening of the third day of the journey, some robbers came upon the merchants and took all their money and goods.

A robber said to Ortanes, "Boy, have you any money?"

"I have forty pieces of gold," said the boy.

The robber laughed and said: "Oh, no! No boy ever had so much money." Then he went to look for a rich merchant.

Soon after, the captain of the robbers called to Ortanes, "What have you, my boy?"

"I have forty pieces of gold sewed in the lining of my hat," said the boy.



"Let me see," said the captain. He took the hat, tore out the lining, and found the pieces of gold. Then he said, "Why did you tell me that you had gold?"

Ortanes said: "I only told the truth. None but a coward would tell a lie."

The captain was surprised and pleased to hear these words. "You are a brave boy," he said. "You may keep the gold. Get on your horse. My men will go with you to the end of the journey."

Ortanes became a great Persian general.

elëvër	stūpīd	gŭnş	pēārlş
quiēt	sēēk	lōcks	dīseōūrāgēd
fāstēnēd	cārēlēsş	fōrtūnēs	prīnçēsş
thōūşand	mārrīēd	chōōşē	dīffērēnçē

SIMPLETON

There was once a man who had three sons. The older sons were clever, but the youngest son seemed stupid because he was so very quiet. The people called him Simpleton. The older brothers were careless and lazy. They were not kind to Simpleton.

When the brothers grew to be young men, they went out into the world together to seek their fortunes. As they were riding along,

they saw an ant's nest. The brothers stopped to look at it. "Let us tear up the nest," said one of the brothers. "It will be fun to see the ants run away, carrying the little ants."

"No, leave them alone," said Simpleton. "I will not let you hurt the ants."

The brothers laughed, and rode on. They soon came to a lake where many ducks were swimming. The brothers took their guns and were going to shoot the ducks, but Simpleton said: "Stop! Do not shoot. Leave the ducks alone."

"What difference does it make if we do kill a few ducks?" said one of the brothers.

"No," said Simpleton, "it would be cruel to kill them just for fun. No good will ever come of it. I will not let you kill them."

Then the brothers put down their guns, and rode on their way. They soon came to a large forest. Here they saw a bee's nest in a tree. The nest was so full of honey that it ran down the tree to the ground.

The older brother wanted to build a large fire under the tree so as to drive the bees

away. But Simpleton said: "No, we do not need the honey. You must not kill the bees."

In the evening, in the light of the full moon, they saw a large house on a hill.

They went into the house and found that everything had been changed into stone. In the large halls and rooms they saw many persons who had changed into stone. At last they came to a little door, fastened with three large locks. Through a hole in the door they could see into the room. There at a table sat a little gray man.

When they had called to him three times, he came and opened the door. Without speaking he led them into a dining room, where a good dinner was on the table. After they had eaten, he showed each into a beautiful bedroom.

In the morning the little gray man came to the oldest brother and led him to a large table of stone. On this table were written the three things which must be done before the stone people in the house could become real people again.

The first thing was to find a thousand pearls which lay among the fallen leaves in the forest. But if at sunset all the pearls were not found, the seeker would be changed into stone.

The oldest brother went out first. After seeking all day, he came back with only a hundred pearls, and at sunset he was changed into stone.



On the next day the second brother tried.

But at sunset he had found only two hundred pearls, and he also was changed into stone.

On the third day Simpleton went to the forest. He hunted about among the fallen leaves, but the pearls were so hard to see and it took so long to find one, that he became discouraged. At last he sat down and cried.

He was sitting near the ant's nest which he had saved. When the king of the ants



heard what the trouble was, he told the queen about it. She sent the king with five thousand helpers to find the pearls for Simpleton. In a short time all the pearls lay at his feet. He thanked the ants, and took the pearls to the house and gave them to the little gray man.

The second thing to do was to find the key which had been dropped into the lake. On the next day Simpleton went down to the

lake to look for it. There he saw the ducks whose lives he had saved. They came to him and he told them about the key which was in the lake. The ducks dived to the bottom of the lake. In a short time one of them brought the key to Simpleton in his bill. He thanked the ducks, and gave the key to the little gray man.

Then came the third thing to do. The key was put into a lock and turned. When the door opened, the little gray man led him into a room where three beautiful princesses were sleeping. He must choose the youngest and gentlest of them or be changed into stone.

They were sisters and looked exactly alike. But before they went to sleep, the older sisters had eaten some sugar and the youngest had eaten some honey.

Simpleton could not tell which one had eaten the honey. While he was looking at them, the queen bee whose nest he had saved, came into the room. She flew from one princess to the other, but stopped on the lips of

the youngest. Then Simpleton knew which to choose.

In a minute all the sleepers awoke, and the stone people came to life again.

Simpleton soon became a prince and married the youngest princess. They lived happily for many years in the large house, or palace, and the ants, ducks, and bees were always their best friends.

villagə	fāirȳ	dīsappēār	erādlə
grācəfullȳ	prōmīsə	flūtə	ədviçə

THE BAMBOO MOTHER

By a river near the mountains there was a small village. Sometimes a beautiful young woman came to this village in the evening. She always came down the path along the river. She was tall and graceful. She moved as easily as the bamboos in a gentle breeze.

She brought pretty things made of bamboo. She always came after sunset and disappeared

before morning. The people did not know her name nor where she lived. But they were very polite and kind to her, for they thought she was a mountain fairy.



A young man, who lived in the village, loved her, and he wished to tell her of his love. One evening, when the young woman left the village, he followed her. She walked quickly along the path by the river, until

she came to some large bamboos. There she disappeared.

Then the young man knew that she was a tree fairy. He went to the bamboos and said :



“ Oh, beautiful fairy, I love you. Come from your home in the bamboos and be my wife.”

A low voice from the bamboos said: “ I will come if you will promise always to care for these bamboos. If they are cut down, I must leave you.”

The young man promised, and for many

years he and the fairy were happy together. But he forgot about his promise, and one day the bamboos were cut down. When the last bamboo fell, his beautiful wife died.

When he came home in the evening, he found his baby crying for his dead mother. The man was very sad. He said: "My dear wife is gone forever. But I will take the bamboos and make a pretty cradle so that the baby may rock in his mother's arms." The baby slept sweetly in the cradle as it swung gently to and fro.

When the baby was older, his father told him about his fairy mother. He often went to the place where the bamboos had been and thought of his mother. One day he made a flute from the new bamboos which grew there. When he played on it, he heard again the low, sweet voice of his mother.

When a thing is done advice comes too late.
Deeds are fruits, words are but leaves.

watching
sheep

shepherdess
dream

Savior
Lamb

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP

Sleep, baby, sleep.

Thy father is watching the sheep,
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down drops a little dream for thee.

Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep.

The large stars are the sheep.
The little stars are the lambs, I guess.
The bright moon is the shepherdess.

Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep.

The Savior loves his sheep.
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sakes came down to die.

Sleep, baby, sleep.

Every day has its night.

wēstērn

brēāthē

rōllīng

SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea:
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me;
 While my little one, while my pretty one,
 sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon:
 Father will come to his babe in the nest;
 Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon;
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
 sleep.

All that is good and great is done
 Just by patient trying.

Dāmon	sûrprised	shouted	týrant
Pýthias	retûrned	plēaded	cruel
prison	brēathless	offēense	trûst

TRUE FRIENDS

More than two thousand years ago, there lived two friends named Damon and Pythias.

The king of their country was a cruel man. One day he put Damon into prison because he had said that the king was a tyrant. For this offense Damon was to die.

His father and mother and wife and children lived in another city. He said to the king, "May I go to see my parents and my wife and children before I die?"

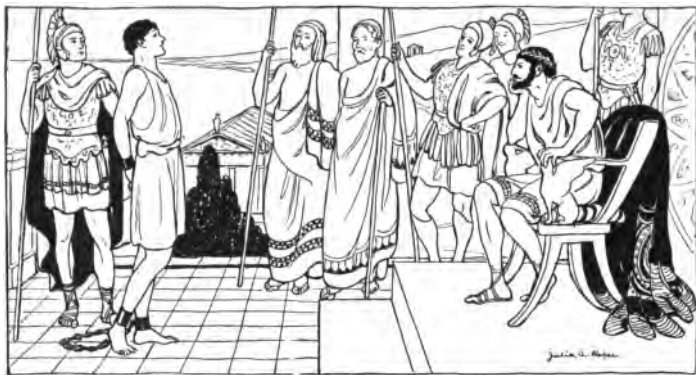
The tyrant laughed and replied, "Oh, no! If I let you go, you will never return."

Then Pythias came forward and said to the king, "I am Damon's friend, and I will stay in prison for him until his return."

The king asked, "What will happen if Damon does not return?"

Pythias replied, "I will die for him."

The king was surprised that one man



should love another so truly. He gave Damon six hours in which to see his parents and family, and Pythias was put into prison.

Damon said he would be back in four hours, but when four hours had passed, he had not come. Five hours passed, and then nearly six hours, and he did not return. Pythias said, "Damon is true and I trust him. He will come if he is alive. If he does not come, I shall be glad to die for him and for his wife and children."

Six hours passed. Damon had not returned, and Pythias was taken to the place where he was to die. Just then a shout was heard: "He is coming! He is coming!"

Damon came in, breathless, tired, and dusty. He took Pythias by the hand and said, "O Pythias! I was afraid that I should be too late. My horse was killed, and I had to run all the way. But here I am." Then turning to the king he said, "Now, O king, I am ready to die."

But Pythias pleaded with the king: "O king, let me die for him. He has a wife and children; but I am alone, and there is no one to mourn for me."

The king had never before seen such true friendship. He said, "You are both free. You have taught me what true friendship is. I would give my kingdom for one such friend."

Israel	ärmor	choōse	pärched
Philistīnes	hūge	dâred	chällenged
shēpherd	swōrd	defied	pëbbles

DAVID AND GOLIATH

The people of Israel were at war with the Philistines. The army of Israel was on a

hill, the Philistines stood on another hill, and there was a valley between them.

Among the Philistines was a giant, named Goliath. He was more than three meters tall. He wore heavy brass armor and carried a huge sword and a spear like a small tree. He had also a very large shield.

Goliath came and stood before the army of Israel and said, "Choose you a man and let him come down to me. If he is able to fight with me and kill me, then will we be your servants; but if I kill him, then shall you be our servants." Not a man in the army of Israel dared to fight Goliath.

There were three sons of Jesse in the army of Israel. The youngest son, named David, stayed at home to watch and feed his father's sheep. One day Jesse sent for David and said, "Take some parched corn and these ten loaves and run to the camp of your brothers and see how they are, and also carry these ten cheeses to their captain."

David rose early in the morning and went to the camp of the army of Israel. He found

his brothers and their captain and gave them the presents from his father.

As he was talking to them, Goliath came and again shouted his challenge.

Then David went to Saul, the king of Israel, and said, "Let no man be afraid because of Goliath; I will go and fight him."

Saul replied, "You cannot fight him. You are only a boy, and he is a man of war."

David said, "When I was keeping my father's sheep, there came a lion and a bear and each took a lamb out of the flock. I went out after them and killed them. The Lord that saved me from the lion and the bear will save me from Goliath."

Saul said, "Go, then, and the Lord be with you."

Then David took his sling in his hand, chose five smooth pebbles out of the brook and put them into his shepherd's bag, and went toward the giant.

When Goliath saw David, he was very angry and said, "Am I a dog that you come to me with stones?"

David said, "You come to me with a sword, with a spear, and with a shield, but I come to you in the name of the God of the army of Israel, whom you defied. This day the Lord will give you into my hands, and I



will strike you, and cut off your head, and I will give the bodies of the Philistines this day to the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the earth, so that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel."

Then David ran toward the giant. He took a stone from the shepherd's bag, put it into his sling, and threw it at the giant. It

struck him in his forehead, and he fell on his face to the earth. David ran and stood upon him, drew his sword, and cut off his head.

When the Philistines saw that Goliath was dead, they ran away, and the men of Israel, with a great shout for joy, ran after them and pursued them to the gates of their city.

rētûrnêd	ênjoyêd	mārsh	mētêr
plēasure	eōrals	mōnītōrs	rybīes
ēxcēpt	ânēmōnē	lōosê	eōeōn
rafts	wīsdôm	slīdes	sūddēnlŷ

EYES AND NO EYES

Felipe and Anda were brothers. Their father was Mr. Magalang. Sometimes on Saturday mornings the boys took long walks through the country and came home before noon.

One morning Felipe returned alone, and his father said to him, "Where have you been this morning, and where is Anda?"

Felipe. — Anda and I went down by the seashore, and walked along until we came to a river. We went up the river, but Anda was so slow that I left him and came home over the hills and through the fields.

Mr. M. — That must have been a pleasant walk. What did you see?

Felipe. — The walk was not pleasant to me. I did not enjoy it. Near the seashore I saw only a man fishing with a net. There was nothing to see along the river except some



cocoanut rafts and some people in a banca. I saw no one when I came through the forest and over the hills. If I had walked along the road, I might have enjoyed my walk. I could have seen many more people.

Mr. M. — Yes, you might have seen peo-

ple, carts, and carromatas, but you don't have to take long walks to see them. Here comes Anda.

Anda came into the room. He had flowers and leaves in his hand, and eggs and other things in his hat. "Oh, father!" he said, "I have had a very pleasant walk."

Mr. M.—Please tell us about it.

Anda. — First, we went to the seashore. On the rocks in the water I saw some starfish and some broken corals; and in one place there were some plants growing to a rock. They looked like flowers, but when I touched them with my stick, they drew their flowers into their bodies. I think they must have been animals.

Mr. M. — I think they were sea anemones. They look like flowers, but they are animals. They grow from a rock like a plant. The many little arms which spread out into the



STARFISH

water gather food and drive it into the mouth of the anemone. Some anemones are very



SEA ANEMONE

beautiful.

Anda. — On the sands on the seashore I saw many little crabs running about. When they saw me, they ran into

little holes. In one place I saw a big green crab in the water near a rock. He had a fish in one of his claws.

Mr. M. — Did you see anything along the river?

Anda. — Yes. In a small marsh, I saw two very large lizards. They were eating eggs. They were about a meter long. When they saw me, they ran away very fast. I followed them and saw them go into a hole in the bank of the river.

Mr. M. — Those lizards are called monitors. They have long forked tongues and

hiss like snakes. They eat fish, frogs, eggs, birds, and small lizards. Some people catch them for food and gather their eggs.

Anda. — When I was walking along the river bank, I caught a large insect. It was on some small bamboos. I brought it home in

a leaf. Here it is. See how it turns its head about, and how it holds up its large front legs!

Mr. M. — That is a praying mantis. It holds up its legs as if they were hands and it were praying.



PRAYING MANTIS

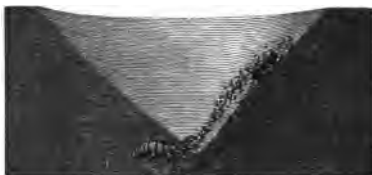


MONITOR LIZARD

ing to catch some insect for its dinner. It tries to look very kind and good, but it really eats all the insects that it can catch.

Anda. — I went from the river through the forest on the hill. Along the path in the forest I saw some small round holes in the dirt. I put a stick into one of these holes and dug up a queer-looking thing. I wish you would tell me what it is. I tied it up in this leaf. Here it is!

Mr. M. — It is an ant lion. It catches



ANT LION AND ITS TRAP

and eats ants. The little hole which you saw is its trap. It digs the hole with its strong jaws. The sides of the hole are of loose dirt, and very steep.

When the hole is made, it buries itself at the bottom and waits for some foolish ant to fall into its trap. The ant comes and looks into the hole. If it walks over the edge, the loose dirt rolls under its feet and it slides to the bottom.

The ant lion catches the ant in its jaws, sucks its blood, throws its body out of the hole, and is ready for another ant. In a short time the ant lion will spin a cocoon and go to sleep, to become a beautiful fly.

What else did you see?

Anda. — When I came to a brook I saw a beautiful blue bird sitting on a limb over the water. For a few minutes it was very still. Then, suddenly, it dived into the water, and came up with a small fish in its mouth. It flew a little farther down the brook and went into a small hole in the bank.



KINGFISHER

Mr. M. — That bird was one of the kingfishers. Their holes in the bank are more than a meter long. At the end of the hole there is a room which is the nest and home of the little kingfishers.

Anda. — There were other things along the brook, but I did not have time to look at

them as long as I wanted to. I shall go there again some day.

Mr. M. — You did well indeed, Anda. I am sure you must have enjoyed your walk.

Anda. — Yes, indeed, I did enjoy it very much.

Mr. M. — Felipe, how is it that you did not see any of these things?

Felipe. — I didn't care for them. I didn't look for anything.

Mr. M. — You were walking for pleasure and you would have enjoyed your walk much more if you had used your eyes.

Some people go through life with their eyes shut, and some have them open. The people who keep their eyes open enjoy life the most and do the most good.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

THE WIND

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky,
And all around I heard you pass
Like ladies' skirts across the grass.

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself, you hid,
I saw you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all.

O you, that are so strong and cold;
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field or tree,
Or just a big strong child like me?
O wind, a-blowing all night long!
O wind, that blows so loud and strong!

Never leave until to-morrow what you can
do to-day.

Lost time is never found again.

Strike while the iron is hot.

Hit the nail on the head.

A man in debt is caught in a net.

lōads	bēāt	fiēry	shāfts	shōuldēr
whippēd	yēllēd	ārrivēd	linēs	sōrē
kīckēd	stāblē	scārēd	hārñess	lāntērñ



A CRUEL MAN'S DREAM

In a town there lived a man who had a small horse. He was not kind to his horse. He did not give it enough to eat, and made it pull heavy loads over the muddy roads. If the horse did not go fast enough, he beat it and kicked it. He never let the horse rest until it could go no farther.

One day, in the rainy season, the man was going home with a cart full of cocoanuts. The load was very heavy and the roads were very soft. Sometimes the man had to get out of the cart and help the horse pull it through a muddy place in the road. But he whipped and kicked the horse, and yelled at it.

When they arrived home, the horse was very tired, wet, and muddy, but the man was angry. He put it in the stable and gave it only a little grass to eat.

Then the man went into the house, put on dry clothes, ate his supper, and went to sleep. In the night, he dreamed that he was driving home again with a cart full of cocoanuts. When they came to a muddy place and the wheels sank deep into the mud, he beat the horse and yelled: "Hooh! Hooh!"

Just then two large black horses with fiery eyes and long tongues came into the road. "You are just the man we have been looking for," they said. The man was so scared that he could not speak.

The horses pulled the man off the cart.

They took the little horse out of the shafts and put the man to the cart. "Now you are a horse," they said, "and we shall see how you like it."

Then one of the horses took the lines and the other a heavy stick. "Get up! Hooh! Hooh!" they yelled. They kicked him and beat him with sticks on the back and on the head. He pulled and pulled, and at last got the cart out of the mud.

Then they made him run. If he did not go fast enough, they beat him and yelled: "Hooh! Hooh!" He became tired and thirsty, but they would not let him stop to rest.

The collar of the harness was made of a rope and a piece of a banana leaf. It cut his shoulders. He groaned with pain, but the horses said, "No matter, you are nothing but a horse," and then they made him go all the faster.

He stumbled over a stone, and they gave such a hard jerk on the lines that the iron bit tore his mouth. "Hooh! hooh!" they

yelled, and put out their long tongues. He was much afraid. He thought: "I know how it feels to be a horse now. Oh, if only I were a man again!"

Just then the man awoke. He felt of himself. He was very glad to find that he was a man and not a horse.

Then he thought how tired and sore his little horse must be. He got up, lighted his lantern, and went out to see it. He gave it plenty of rice and grass to eat and some sweet water to drink. Then he washed off the mud. He saw the sores on its shoulders which the rope had made, and the places on its back where it had been hit with the stick.

The man said to his horse: "I am sorry that I was cruel to you. I know now how it must feel to be a horse and have a cruel master."

After that the man was always kind to his horse. It grew stronger and could easily pull the cart. It carried its head high, and was glad to do as its master wished.

ūnlēs	silēnt	mīṣēr	stārvēṣ
hōlīdāy	jūstīṣē	grīvēd	pāstūrē
rāisēd	jūdgēs	fāīthfūl	ēvīl dōērs

THE BELL OF JUSTICE

In the market place in a town a large bell was to be hung. All the people had a holiday and came to see the bell.

“We should like to hear it ring,” they said. “Here comes the alcalde. Perhaps he will ring it for us.”

But he did not ring the bell. He stood by the tower and raised his hand for the people to be silent.

“My friends,” he said, “do you see this beautiful bell? It shall be called ‘The Bell of Justice.’ It is your bell, and if any one of you is wronged, you may come and ring the bell. Then the judges and I will come to the market place, hear your case, and give you justice. Rich and poor, old and young, all may come, and all shall have justice. But no one may touch this rope unless he knows that he has been wronged.”

- Many years went by, and many times the bell rang. Many wrongs were righted, and many evil doers were punished.

At last the hemp rope was worn out. "This will not do," said one of the judges. "If a child were wronged, he could not ring the bell. We must have a new rope at once."

But there was no rope in the town, and several days must pass before one could be made or bought.

"I think I can fix it," said a man who stood among the people. Then he went into the forest and soon came back with a long vine. "This will do for a rope," he said; and he tied the vine to the bell.

The leaves were still on the vine, but the judge said: "The vine will do as it is. Never mind the leaves."

In a little house near the town lived a rich man. He had once been very poor, and had only his horse and a carromata. By carrying people about the town and to other towns, and saving every cent he could, he became a rich man.

He loved his money more than anything else in the world. He spent many hours in his house counting his gold and silver. He was a miser. No one would live with him. His only friend was his old horse, which had helped him get his money.

When the faithful horse was old and lame, the miser tried to sell it, but no one would buy it. He tried to give it away, but no one would take it. Then he said: "This horse does not earn any money for me now, and I will not feed it. It must get its grass by the roadside. If it starves to death, so much the better."

So the old horse was turned into the road, and was glad to get whatever it could to eat. Sometimes bad boys threw stones at it. The dogs barked at it. No one cared for it.

One day, soon after the vine had been hung to the bell, it was very hot. In the afternoon, while the people were asleep, the horse walked into the market place. It saw the vine hanging from the bell, with all the green leaves on it. It began to eat the leaves. It

pulled them off the vine, and in doing so rang the bell.

The alcalde, the judges, and the people heard the bell. They came through the hot



streets to the market place, and saw the horse eating the leaves from the vine.

"The horse has come to call for justice," said one of the judges.

“And it shall have justice,” said another, “for every one knows that its master has been cruel to it.”

“Send for its master,” said the alcalde.

When the master came, the alcalde said: “We know that this is your horse, and that it has served you faithfully for many years. It has helped you get your wealth, but now you turn it into the road to starve. It has rung the bell for justice and it shall have justice.

“One half of all your money shall be taken for the horse. It shall buy for it good food, good pasture, and a good house in which to pass its old age.”

The miser was grieved to lose his money, but the people shouted with joy and led away the old horse to the best dinner it had eaten for many years.

Beggars must not be choosers.

Paddle your own canoe.

The early bird catches the worm.

shârĭng	quarrĕl	serătchəd	ōppōsītə
păssĭng	grōwlĭng	seălĕs	bălançə
dēcĭdə	lawyĕr	weĭghĭng	hĭssĭng

THE MONKEY'S JUSTICE

One morning, a woman was carrying some rice cakes in a small basket. As she was passing near a forest, one of the cakes fell out of the basket. She did not know that she had lost the cake, and went on to the market.

In a short time two wild cats from the forest came along the road and found the cake. But they could not agree about sharing it. The bigger cat said that he should have the larger share, but the smaller cat said that they found the cake together, and each should have as much as the other. Then they began to quarrel, and made so much noise, growling and hissing, that a parrot came to see what the trouble was.

"Don't fight," said the parrot. "Go to the monkey, and let him decide for you. He is a good lawyer and a wise judge."

So the cats carried the rice cake to the monkey, and told him all about it. Then the monkey looked very wise, scratched his head, and took down some scales for weighing.

"Give me the rice cake," he said. "I think I can easily decide this case." Then he broke the rice cake in two, and put the



pieces on opposite sides of the scales. But one piece was larger and heavier than the other, and the scales did not balance.

"Each of you must have just as much cake as the other, and the scales must be made to balance," said he. Then he took a large bite from the heavier piece and put it on the scales again. But now it was lighter than the other piece, and the scales did not balance.

So he took a big bite from the second piece and made that lighter. "Dear me," he said, "these pieces do not balance very well," and he took another bite from the first piece.

"Stop!" cried the cats. "There will soon be no cake for us to share. You are not judging honestly."

"The law will have its way," said the monkey. He went on weighing and biting until he had eaten all the cake, and the scales balanced.

Then he said to the cats: "You see now that I have balanced the two sides, and your shares are alike. The cake belongs to me, as my fee for being your judge. In the future you should agree about your cakes and not go to law about them."

The memory of the just is blessed.

It is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong.

After clouds comes clear weather.

Speech is silver, silence is gold.

A promise is a debt we must not forget.

sūppōsə	jōkə	wəʊldn't	dʌŋcə
whōlə	trēæt	fret	ɜːnəst

SUPPOSE

Suppose, my little lady,
 Your doll should break her head,
 Could you make it whole by crying,
 Till your eyes and nose are red?
 And wouldn't it be pleasanter
 To treat it as a joke,
 And say you're glad 'twas Dolly's
 And not your head that broke?

Suppose your task, my little man,
 Is very hard to get,
 Would it make it any easier,
 For you to sit and fret?
 And wouldn't it be wiser,
 Than waiting like a dunce,
 To go to work in earnest
 And learn the thing at once?

Look up and not down; look out and not
 in; look forward and not back; lend a hand.

juice	forever.	laid	threshold
bathed	eighty	meat	shade
flowed	bury	brain	remember
eels	risen	blood	policy

THE COCONUT

Once there was a beautiful young woman named Ada. She was the daughter of Kui, a blind man. She lived with her father in a house near a river. Every day, at sunrise and at sunset, she bathed in the clear, cool waters.

The river came from the mountains and flowed into a large, deep, dark cave near the sea. In this cave lived Tuna, the king of all the eels. Every night he left his dark home and swam up the river. He often saw Ada bathing in the water, and because he loved her, he changed himself into a young man, and went many times to her home to see her.

But one day Tuna said to her: "I am not really a young man, but the large eel which you have often seen while you were bathing in the river. I am Tuna, the king of the eels, and my home is in the dark cave at

the end of the river. I have come many days to see you because I love you. But now I must leave you forever.



"To-night there will be a storm. The rain will fall, and the river will rise to the door of your house. In the morning I shall swim to your door, and you must cut off my head and bury it in the hill behind your house. You must go every day to the place where you bury my head and pour water on the ground."

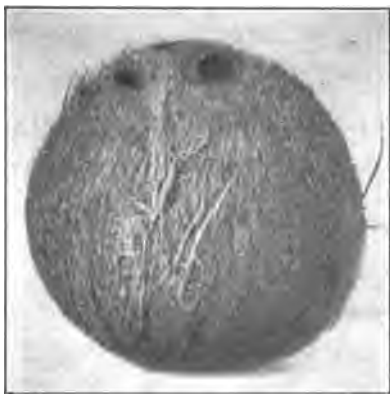
Ada said, "I will do all that you wish, but why must I kill you?"

"If you will do as I have said, I may then always be near you," said Tuna. "If I cannot speak to you, I can give you food and drink. Good-by." He walked away, and Ada never saw the young man again.

In the night a storm came, and much rain

fell. In the morning the river had risen to the door of Ada's house. The sun was rising when Tuna, in the form of a large eel, swam to the door. He laid his head on the threshold and looked at Ada. She took an ax, cut off his head, and buried it in the hill behind the house.

Each day for many days she poured water on the ground where the head was buried. At last she saw a green stem coming out of the ground. It grew higher and larger. Large leaves grew from the stem, and after many years flowers and fruit grew on the tree. This was the first coconut tree. It



was the father of all the coconut trees in the world, and it came from the head of Tuna.

When Ada saw a large green nut, she thought it was the head of Tuna. When she

took the nut from its green cover, she was surprised to see again the eyes and mouth of Tuna. In the nut Ada found a soft white part and a sweet juice. The white part, which is the meat of the coconut, Ada thought was the brain of Tuna, and the juice she thought was his blood.

Ada liked to sit in the cool shade of the coconut tree. It gave her food and drink. From the nuts she made cups, hats, and cloth, and she was always happy. She lived to be nearly eighty years old. When she died, the coconut tree died, but the people will always remember how Tuna gave his life to Ada because he loved her.

Never cross a bridge till you come to it.

Honesty is the best policy.

A stitch in time saves nine.

He does much who does one thing well.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

Man shall not live by bread alone.

Faults are thick where love is thin.

ēdīblø	hōōkəd	trānspārent
prīçēs	elīfs	lāddērs
māterīal	stūčk	dāngērøus
swallowš	pärtlŷ	jēllŷ

EDIBLE BIRDS' NESTS

How would you like to eat a bird's nest? There is a bird's nest which some people eat. They think it is very good and pay large prices for it.

These edible nests are not made of sticks, leaves, grass, or mud, but of a white material like jelly. They are made by small swallows, which the people call *salangana*. They are about twelve centimeters long. They have large black eyes, and long hooked claws so that they can cling to the rocks.

They build their nests in caves and on the high rocks, or cliffs, along the seashore. They put their nests under overhanging rocks, which protect them from the rains and the hot sunshine.

The nests are stuck against the rocky walls. They are like little cups, just large

enough to hold two or three small eggs. The swallow is two months in building its nest. When the nest is finished, the eggs are laid. In about fifteen days they hatch, and then the old swallow has two or three little swallows to feed.



When the nest is new, it is white and partly transparent. The new nests are the best for food and bring the highest prices. After the nest has been used, it is not so white and clean, and is not so good for food

Men always try to get the nests as soon as the swallows have made them.

Sometimes the nests are taken three times during the year, but the swallows each time make new nests. The first nests are the best. After the swallows have made two or three nests, they sometimes put sticks and leaves in the jelly, so that they can make the nest faster and more easily.

To get the nests men must climb down over the cliffs on ropes and ladders. This is very dangerous work, and unless the men are very careful they are likely to fall and be hurt or killed. The nests are taken from the rocks, and carried home in bags and baskets. They are dried, cleaned, and washed. Then they look like little white pieces of jelly. They are dried, put into baskets, and sold to the Chinese.

The Chinese are very fond of these birds' nests. They make a soup of them, and cook them with chicken and other meats. They say that birds'-nest soup is very good for sick people.

beers
wines
smoke
swamps

... always
... at any
... about
... at you
... city
... war
... I can

... and
... have
... cannot
... mean
... does

... there
... and
... I
... this

water without boiling it. It is dangerous to drink even clear water without boiling it, for it often causes sickness and death. Boiling the water kills anything in it which could make you sick.

3. Then the food which you eat must be fresh, clean, and pure. Vegetables, many fruits, and all kinds of meat must be well cooked.

4. You must not eat too little or too much. Eat at regular times each day.

5. When sickness comes to your town, such as the cholera, or the plague, you must be sure to drink no water that has not been well boiled. Eat no food of any kind that has not been cooked and kept in a clean place away from the flies and other insects. The flies often carry sickness on their feet, and you should keep them off the food you are going to eat.

6. Your house must be clean. There must be no bad water nor wet places under anywhere near the house, for such places use sickness. These things are very easy

to do, but how many, many people have died of cholera or other sickness just because they were careless and drank a little bad water or ate some uncooked food! Do not chew betel nut, smoke, nor drink beers or wines.

7. You must be sure that you breathe good air. The air near swamps makes many people sick. Bad water standing under or near the house will make the air impure and may cause sickness. Your house should be on high, dry land, away from swamps and low places. At night the air near the ground is not good, so the floor of your house should be two or more meters above the ground. You will then have good air to breathe while you are asleep.

8. You should rest when you are tired. You should go to bed early in the evening and sleep well. You should rest or sleep during the hot part of the day.

9. You should sleep on a good, clean bed, and be sure that you are warm while you sleep. Many people die because they get

cold while they are asleep. Do not sleep on a mat on the floor, but on a bed.

10. Work every day, but do not work too hard. Always have something useful to do. This will help you to be happy.

Chīnā	wīvəz	pěrmīssjən
Chīnēsə	sěvēral	glītters
kīlōmētəz	slīppəd	eāndlə

A CHINESE STORY

In a village in China two young men lived with their father. They married two Chinese girls, who lived in another village a few kilometers away. They brought their young wives to their home, where they were happy for several weeks.

The wives often wanted to go to their old homes to see their mothers. The mother of the young men was dead, so the young wives had to ask the father for permission to go to their old homes.

The father did not want them to go, but they asked so many times that one day he said: "Yes; you may go, but you must



bring back with you something that I want.

"One of you must bring me some fire in a paper, and the other must bring some wind in a paper. If you will not promise to bring these things, you must never ask to go

again; but if you go and cannot get them for me, you must never come back."

"Oh, yes," the girls said, "we shall be pleased to bring you anything you wish."

The girls were so glad to go to see their mothers that they did not think about what they were promising to do. They did not

think how difficult it might be to carry fire and wind in paper.

They went away very happy. After they had walked a long way, one of the girls slipped and fell. Then they sat down to rest and began to think about their promise. "We can never carry fire in a paper," said one. "And I am sure that we cannot get wind in a paper," said the other. Then they began to cry, for they thought that they could never see their husbands again.



While they were crying, a young woman riding on an ox came along the road. She stopped, and said: "Why are you crying? Why are you so sad? Can I help you?"

"You cannot help us," they said. Then they told the young woman about their promise.

"Come to my home, and I will show you how to carry fire and wind in paper," said the young woman.



The young wives did not believe that she could help them. But they went with her to her home, for they did not know what else to do.

"To carry fire in a paper," said the young woman, "you need only to make a paper lantern, put a candle in it, and light the candle. Then you will have fire in a paper."

They made a lantern, and when one of the young wives saw it, she was happy. But the

other said, "How can we carry wind in a paper?"

"That is even easier than carrying fire in a paper," said the wise young woman. "All that you need to take to your father is a paper fan. When you move the fan, the wind will come from it."

Both the young wives were now happy again. They thanked the young woman, and went to see their mothers. In a few days they returned to their husbands' home, and brought to the father all that they had promised.



He that gets out of debt grows rich.

Straws show which way the wind blows.

Where the will is ready the feet are light.

All that glitters is not gold.

A soft answer turns away wrath.

A man's house is his castle.

silk	inchēs	mŭlbĕrry	wĕāring
mōth	ūsually	ūnwōund	dȳəd
wōrm	pūshēs	twistĕd	wōvən

HOW SILK IS MADE

Do you know that silk is made by little gray worms? They are called silkworms.



The mother of the silkworms is the silk moth. The silk moth is about an inch long. She lays many little eggs, from which come the little silkworms.

At first the silkworm is very small, but it grows fast. When it is full grown, it is about three inches long. While the silkworm is growing, it changes its skin four or five times.

When it is ready to change its skin, it stops eating. The old skin breaks open on the back, and the worm slowly pushes it off.

Then it eats and grows very fast, until its new skin gets too tight and old, and has to be changed for another skin.

The silkworm eats the leaves of the mulberry tree. People gather the leaves from the trees and give them to the worms to eat. They keep the worms in rooms in houses.

When the silkworm is full grown, it stops eating and begins to spin a cocoon, or little house of silk. The worm is five days in making its house of silk. When the cocoon is made, the worm goes to sleep again. In three weeks the worm has changed into the silk moth. The moth makes a hole in the cocoon, comes out, and lays hundreds of little eggs, from which come more little silkworms.

But the silk moth, when it comes out of the cocoon, cuts the silk threads into pieces. So the people do not usually let it come out. When the cocoons are made, they are put into hot water or heated in an oven, and the silkworms are killed.

The cocoons are put in warm water. Then the threads are unwound. They are yellow

and pretty. Sometimes the thread in a cocoon is more than three hundred meters long.

When the threads are unwound, they are twisted, cleaned, dyed, and woven into the cloth which you see people wearing every day. But the little silkworms made all the silk threads. The people have only unwound the threads, put them together, and made the cloth. How useful even a worm can be!

Ārāchne	ēmbroidēry	bōastful	bēlēvēd
skillfullŷ	wēalth	prāisēd	pārdōn
mērchants	eōmfōrt	āmūsēd	erōsslŷ

WHERE SPIDERS CAME FROM

Have you ever heard where spiders came from? Hundreds of years ago people said that the spider was once a beautiful young woman. Her name was Arachne. She liked to spin and weave. She could make the finest and the most beautiful cloths.

She made such beautiful things and she

worked so skillfully that princes and other rich and great people of the country came to see her work. The merchants paid her large prices for her embroidery. She brought wealth and comfort to her home.

She might have lived happily for many years, if she had not become very proud and boastful. Every one who saw her working, or saw any of the cloths which she had made, praised her.

The people where she lived believed in a goddess named Minerva. Minerva was very wise. Sometimes she amused herself by making beautiful embroideries.

When the people saw how skillful Arachne was, they said to her, "The goddess Minerva must have taught you how to weave and embroider."

"Yes," said Arachne, "Minerva did teach me. But I can weave and embroider better now than she can."

The gods do not like boasting. When Minerva heard what Arachne said, she decided to go to her. Minerva changed herself



to an old, gray-haired woman. She walked with a cane, as if she were too old and feeble to walk alone.

She came into the room where Arachne was weaving and stood and looked at her as she worked. She heard people praise her. She heard Arachne say that the goddess could not weave such fine cloth as she.

Then the old woman put her hand on Arachne's shoulder and said: "My daughter,

listen to the words of an old woman. You are the queen of weavers among women, but do not say that you are more skillful than the goddess. Ask pardon for your foolish words. I promise you that Minerva will pardon you."

But Arachne spoke crossly and said: "You are an old woman and speak like one. If Minerva is not afraid, let her come and try her skill with me."

Then the old woman dropped her cane and threw back the cloth about her shoulders and said, "Lo! Minerva is here!"

The old woman had changed again into the goddess. The people were afraid, and fell on their faces, but foolish Arachne held her head high and looked proudly at Minerva.

Then Minerva said: "I am sorry that you are so boastful. It is not right to boast."

She touched Arachne and said, "You are so proud of your spinning, that you and yours shall spin forever."

Arachne became a spider. She and her children spin and weave to-day the finest threads and cloths. But they never boast.

LOVE

The night has a thousand eyes,
 And the day but one;
 Yet the light of the bright world dies
 With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
 And the heart but one;
 Yet the light of the whole life dies
 When love is done.

bēasts	sāfety	certainly	pretended
securø	company	oward	flapped

THE BIRDS, THE BEASTS, AND THE BAT

Once there was a great battle between the birds and the beasts of the forest. The bat was afraid to fight on either side. He thought that he would wait and see who won the battle.

The battle went on for many days. Then the bat thought that the beasts were going to win. So he went to the beasts. He pre-

tended to be their friend, and said that he wanted to fight on their side.

But the beasts looked at him and said: "He is not a beast. He is a bird. Catch him! Kill him!"

But the bat said: "Look at me! See the hair on my body, and my sharp teeth! Do birds have hair? Have they sharp teeth? Do a bird's ears look like mine? Do you see any feathers on me? How can you say that I am a bird?"

"Certainly, he is not a bird," said the beasts. "We shall be glad to have him fight with us." So the bat made his home with the beasts.

Not many days later, the birds came again to fight the beasts. The bat was a coward. When he heard the noise of the battle, he was afraid and hid among the leaves in the trees. He came out to get some fruit or insects to eat only at night, when the birds and beasts were asleep.



BATS

This time the birds won the battle, and the beasts had to run away and hide in the forests. Then the bat went among the birds, and pretended to be their friend, so as to secure safety.

But the birds thought he was a beast. They said: "He is not a bird. Catch him! Kill him! Tear him to pieces!"

But the bat flapped his wings and said: "What! Can you not see that I am a bird? Do beasts have wings? Can they fly? See me fly!"

When the birds saw the bat fly, they decided not to kill him. But many of the birds were sure that they had seen the bat in company with the beasts before the battle. They would never be friends with the bat, for they thought that he was not true and honest.

The beasts saw the bat with the birds. Then they knew that he was not their friend, and that he was a coward. The bat now has no friends in the forest. He always flies about in the night alone.

giant	soldiēr	prīzēs	eōntrōl
vāliant	mēānnēss	vālōr	eōmmānd

BATTLE FOR THE RIGHT

Never be a coward
 In the cause of right;
 Be a valiant soldier
 In the world's good fight.

In the fight with Meanness,
 With the giant Wrong,
 For God, for Right, for Justice,
 Battle hard and strong.

Let the Truth be dearer,
 To your mind and heart,
 Than the richest prizes
 Of the mint or mart.

Let the Right be stronger,
 To control your hand,
 Than all the gifts of honor
 At the world's command.

Let the call of Justice,
 Even in your youth,
 Nerve your arm with valor
 To battle for the truth.

Beautiful hands are they that do
 Deeds that are noble, good, and true.

troubled	decided	sprawling	dangers
business	leaving	loosened	neglect

A STONE IN THE ROAD

Once there was an alcalde who governed his people wisely and well. He helped them to build roads, schoolhouses, and other public buildings, and encouraged them to be honest, peaceful, and industrious. But what troubled him most was that the people left so many things for some one else to do. What was the business of all the people they seemed to think was nobody's business. The alcalde wanted every man to feel that it was his duty

to do all that he could for all the people. So he decided to teach them a lesson.

One night he went along a road from the town to a place where it passed over a hill. Here he dug a hole in one of the cart tracks. Then from his coat he took a small bag and put into the hole. He loosened a large stone that was on the side of the road, rolled it into the road, and placed it over the hole.

On the next morning, a farmer, who was riding in a cart, came along the road. "Ah!" he said, "How lazy some people are! Here is this big stone right in the road and no one has taken the trouble to move it. Oh, no!" After saying this, he turned his carabaos aside, and went on over the hill.

An hour later, a soldier came up the hill. He was singing as he walked, and did not see the stone. His foot struck it, and the next moment he was sprawling in the road. Groaning with pain, he arose. He had much to say about careless and lazy people, and then he walked on and left the stone where it was.

Soon after, some merchants from the town came that way. They were riding in carromatas and on horseback. When they arrived at the top of the hill, they saw the stone and stopped. "Now what do you think of that?" said one. "I wonder how long that stone has been lying here in the road where it is a danger and a trouble to every one who passes this way. Why doesn't some one take it away?" After talking about the stone for several minutes and blaming other people for leaving it there, they passed by it, and not one of them thought of rolling it out of the road himself.

Day after day, and week after week, the people passed by the stone. Each blamed the alcalde, the people, or some one else for not taking the stone away, but not one of them even tried to move the stone.

After several weeks had passed, the alcalde requested the people to meet at this place in the road. When they were there, he said, "My good people, it was I who put this stone here. For several weeks every one has passed

by it and blamed his neighbor for not taking it out of the road."

Then he lifted the stone, and showed them the hole under the stone, in which lay the small bag. Tied to the bag there was a small label, on which were these words: "For him who lifts the stone."

He opened the bag and showed them that it contained money, and said: "If one of you had moved this stone from the road, he would have done a kindness to all who have passed this way, and also have received this money. This stone is like many other things in our town, that are troubles and dangers to the people, and which could easily be removed if each of you did not neglect them."

Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
The failings of others can never save you.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

bargain comfortable mistaken noise worth
ruined providing furniture fond wasted

THE WHISTLE

Two hundred years ago there lived in the city of Boston, in the United States, a boy who became a great man. His name was Ben-



jamin Franklin.

In a letter to a friend he wrote the following story:

When he was a child, seven years old, his friends filled his pocket with pennies. He was on his way to a store where toys for children were sold, when he met another boy who was blowing a whistle.

He liked the sound of the whistle so well that he gave the boy all his money for it.

He then went home and blew his whistle in all the rooms of the house. He was much pleased with his bargain.

But his family did not like the noise. When his brothers and sisters and cousins learned how much he had paid for it, they laughed, and told him that he had paid four times as much as it was worth. They told him of the many good things that he might have bought with his money. He soon grew tired of the whistle and found no pleasure in blowing it. Then he was very sorry that he had paid so much for it.

When he was a man he did not forget how he had paid too much for the whistle. If he wished to buy something that he did not really need, he said to himself, "*Don't give too much for the whistle,*" and saved his money.

If he met a miser who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, and the joys of having good friends in order to have heaps of gold, he said, "*Poor man, you are paying too much for your whistle.*"

If he saw a person who was too fond of fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine carriages, which he could not pay for, and so lost the respect of his neighbors, he said, “ *Alas ! he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.*”

When he saw a man who neglected to learn, who wasted his time and money, and who ruined his health only to get pleasure, he said, “ *Mistaken man, you are providing pain for yourself instead of pleasure ; you are giving too much for your whistle.*”

He believed that most of the pain and troubles of people are brought upon them because they *give too much for their whistles.*

scholar	gentleman	remember	hero
wound	difficulty	forgot	noble
dying	motionless	fought	pain

A CUP OF WATER

There was once a brave English soldier, whose name was Sir Philip Sidney. He was a scholar, good, true, and kind, and always a gentleman. Everybody loved him.

In a great battle, this noble man fought like a hero. He led his men into the fight. Two horses were killed under him. At last he was struck by a bullet and fell from his saddle. He was so badly wounded that he must die.

His men carried him to the camp. He was very thirsty, for he had lost much blood, the day was very hot, he had a high fever, and was in great pain from his wound. He called for water. With difficulty, his men found some water and gave it to him in a cup.

Sir Philip took the cup, and was about to drink, when he saw a poor wounded soldier looking with motionless eyes at the water. The wistful look on the man's face made Sir Philip forget his own pain and thirst. With a noble smile, he gave the cup to the man, and said, "Soldier, your need is greater than mine."

Not long afterwards, Sir Philip was dead, but this story of his noble deed will always be remembered.

tĕrmĭtēs

tŭnnĕl

swārm

WHITE ANTS

The white ants are called *termites* and *anay*. They live in large nests called ant hills. The ant hills are made of mud, which is very



QUEEN ANT

hard when it is dry, and does not wash away easily when the rains come. Some of the hills of the white ants are more than three meters high.

Thousands and thousands of ants live in one ant hill. Sometimes they all belong to one family, and sometimes there are several families living together in the same hill.

In each family there are a queen, a king, and many worker ants. When the queen is full grown, she is about as large as one of your

fingers. She lives in a large room called the queen's room. She cannot walk, but is fed and cleaned many times each day by the worker ants.



WORKER ANT

In the room with the queen lives the king. He is much larger than the worker ants, but not nearly so large as the queen. He has large wings and could fly away, but the workers never let him leave the queen's room.

The queen lays several thousand eggs



KING ANT

each day. The eggs are taken by the workers, cleaned, and put in warm, dry rooms. From the eggs come real white ant babies. They have only to eat and grow to become large ants. But from the eggs of other ants

come little ant worms, which must be fed and cleaned for several weeks before they change into real ants.

The worker ants are small. Their bodies are white and soft, but they have strong, sharp jaws. The king and the queen have eyes, but the workers are blind.



SOLDIER ANT

There are two kinds of workers, — the common workers and the soldiers. The soldiers are a little larger than the other workers, and have large heads and jaws.

If we could cut a white ant hill into halves, we could see the queen in her room in the lower part of the nest. Around the queen's room we could find many little rooms for the workers, the soldiers, the young kings and queens.

Over these rooms there are large halls and rooms for keeping food. There are also many little rooms. If we could look into these rooms, we could see the ant eggs, and the worker ants feeding and cleaning the baby ants. All through the hill there are

roads by which the ants go from one room to other rooms or to the many roads under the ground.

The white ants do not like the light, and wherever they go they build mud covers over their roads. From the hill many roads go under the ground to trees and houses, and you can find



SECTION OF AN ANT HILL

these mud-covered roads, or tunnels, going up the trees and the walls or posts of the houses.

If one of the tunnels is broken, hundreds of workers bring mud in their jaws and begin to mend the tunnel. Soldier ants come out of the hole and keep other ants from getting into the tunnel. When they are building a new road, thousands of workers bring mud

and build the tunnel. The soldiers look out for enemies at the end of the tunnel and drive them away.

The white ants eat many kinds of wood. If they come into a house, they eat the floors, the posts, the furniture, and sometimes even books and clothing. They enter a piece of wood through a small hole and eat out the inside, leaving only a thin shell on the outside. On the outside the piece of wood may look as solid and strong as ever, but when we touch it, it may go to pieces in our hands.

Once each year thousands of young kings and queens come from each ant hill. They all have wings, and some evening about sunset they fly away from the nest and enjoy their free life in the air.

They often come into the houses and swarm about the lamps. The air is full of them. But soon they become tired of flying and fall to the ground. Then the queen ants take off their wings, dig into the ground, lay eggs, and try to have little ant families of their own.

māsōn	eōzŷ	hāmmērīng	mīnērŝ
plāstērŝ	ōrīōlē	wōōdpēčkēr	ēāvēŝ

BIRD TRADES

The swallow is a mason,
 And underneath the eaves,
 He builds a nest and plasters it
 With mud and straw and leaves.

Of all the weavers that I know,
 The oriole is the best;
 High on the branches of the tree
 She hangs her cozy nest.

The woodpecker is hard at work —
 A carpenter is he —
 And you may hear him hammering,
 His nest high up a tree.

Some little birds are miners;
 Some build upon the ground;
 And busy little tailors, too,
 Among the birds are found.

plāza	ārchēš	altār	prōčession
chûrch	prĕst	īmāgē	ĭntērēstēd
knēlt	sōlemņļy	rēpēātēd	bānnērš

A HOLIDAY

Manuel was a little country boy who lived far away from the town. His father was poor and had to work very hard to earn money to buy rice and clothes for his family. One day he came home from the rice fields, where he was working for a Mr. Hison. He looked happy and said, "To-morrow will be a holiday, and Mr. Hison says that we may all ride to town in one of his carts."

Manuel and his sister, Francisca, danced about for happiness, for they had never been to town on a holiday. Their mother began at once to get their best clothes washed and ironed.

In the morning, before sunrise, they started. They sat on the rice straw in the bottom of the cart, and talked about what they were going to see. There were many people along the road. Some were walking and some were

riding on horses, or in carromatas, or in carts. All were wearing their best clothes, and all were going to town.

They rode through the streets of the town and stopped in the plaza before the large white church.

The bells in the tower were ringing, and the people were walking slowly and quietly into the church.

With his father, mother, and sister, Manuel

went into the church and knelt upon the floor. He saw the large windows of colored glass. High over his head he saw the ceiling of the room with its wonderful arches and pictures. He saw the priest in his long white robe, and the beautiful altar with the image of the Mother and the Holy Child. "How beautiful!" he said to himself, and then he



repeated the little prayers which his mother had taught him.

After the service they waited to speak to the priest. He was a very kind-looking man. He put his hand on Manuel's head and gave him a candle to put on the altar. The light shone on the fair hair and face of the Holy Child, and this pleased Manuel very much.

In the plaza there was a large arch made of bamboo. There were many flags on the stores and houses. Manuel was much interested in all that he saw in the stores and the market place.

Then they heard the band playing and saw a parade in which there were many soldiers. All the soldiers were dressed in brown coats with brass buttons, and they carried guns. After them came many other men carrying banners and flags. Manuel had never before seen so many people.

It was now nearly noon. They went to their cart to eat some rice and cakes, and drink some lemonade which they had bought of an old woman in the market. Manuel fell

asleep in the cart and did not awake until the middle of the afternoon.

Then he went again with his father to the church and saw the men bringing out many beautiful images. Manuel saw again the



image of the Holy Child, and he wished he was old enough to help carry it. Some men brought a large black cross and others brought small crosses and banners.

In the evening the procession started from the church. First, there were boys carrying

crosses and banners, and some girls dressed in black and white. Then came the band, and men and women carrying candles. After them came the beautiful images, lighted with many candles and lamps. The procession walked slowly and solemnly about the town and returned to the church.

Then Manuel's father said, "Come, we must go home now." As they rode through the streets, they saw flags and many pretty paper lanterns hanging from the houses. They were tired, but happy.

Chrīsmās	bōuquet	jūs	sleigh
Āmēricā	eāndy	stōekings	glōves

CHRISTMAS IN AMERICA

It was on the morning of Christmas Day, and Pablo Flores and his mother had just come home from the church. "Mother," he said, "I should like to go to see Henry and Clara this morning. They are my American friends."

"I wish you would take them some gifts," said his mother. "The priest told us this morning that we should give gifts on Christ-



mas Day, for on that day God gave to us his Son Jesus."

"I will take a bouquet of flowers for Clara," said Pablo. "What shall I take for Henry?"

"You may give him some of the coconut candy which I made last night," replied the mother.

Pablo found his friends in a large room in their house. Henry was beating a drum and

Clara was putting a blue jusi dress on a large doll.

"Merry Christmas, Pablo!" they cried.

"Merry Christmas!" said Pablo.

"What pretty flowers you have!" said Clara.

"I brought them for you," said Pablo, "and I have also some cocoanut candy for Henry."

"Oh, thank you!" said Clara. "How sweet the flowers are!"

"Thank you," said Henry. "I was just wishing for some good candy."

"We are glad to see you," said Clara. "It is so warm to-day. It doesn't seem at all like a Christmas Day to me."

"I thought the air was quite cool this morning," said Pablo.

"It did not seem cool to me," said Clara. "In America last year there was snow on the ground on Christmas Day."

"I should like to see the snow," said Pablo. "My teacher says that it is white and very cold. I should not like to live where the air is so cold."



RIDING IN A SLEIGH

“The snow is cold, but it is soft like little white feathers,” said Clara. “Last Christmas we were at our home in America. In the morning we played in the snow. We made a snow man, and rode down hill on our sleds. In the afternoon father gave us a ride in a sleigh. The sleigh slides smoothly over the snow. It is fun to ride in a sleigh.”


“Were you not very cold?” said Pablo.

“Oh, no,” said Clara. “We were dressed

in woolen clothes and thick coats. We had gloves on our hands, and shoes and stockings on our feet, and were covered with a fur rug."

"I had a pair of big boots on my feet," said Henry. "When we came home from the sleigh ride, we had a big dinner. There were all kinds of good things to eat.

"On the night before Christmas Day father took us to see the big stores. In the windows of the stores there were dolls, all kinds of playthings, books, candies, candles, balls, and hundreds of pretty things. In the stores there were ever so many things to buy. The people were buying gifts for their friends. Everybody looked so happy! I think Christmas is the happiest day in the year.



"When we were very small, we hung up our stockings on the night before Christmas. In the morning they were full of candy, oranges, and many other good things. We thought a little old man, named Santa Claus, came in the night and gave the things to us.

"In the evening of Christmas Day, we sometimes have a Christmas tree. The tree is put in the parlor. On it there are candles, glass balls, and stars, candies, and many little gifts. The big gifts are put on the floor under the tree. Then we play, sing, and look at our gifts.



I wish you could see a real Christmas tree."

"Couldn't we have a Christmas tree here?" said Pablo. "When Christmas comes again, I will ask my mother for a Christmas tree."

"You could not have the snow, but you can have a Christmas tree," said Clara. "All your family and friends might come and have a good time, a real merry Christmas."

"It always makes me happy to see other people happy. Everybody ought to be happy on Christmas Day."

peaks hopeful cottage patient

CHRISTMAS EVERYWHERE

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night !
 Christmas in lands of fir tree and pine,
 Christmas in lands of palm and vine,
 Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn
 and white,
 Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and
 bright !

Christmas where children are hopeful and
 gay,
 Christmas where old men are patient and
 gray,
 Christmas where peace, like a dove in his
 flight,
 Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the
 fight ;
 Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night !
 For the Christ Child who comes is the Master
 of all ;
 No palace too great, no cottage too small.



THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

In another time and land
Long ago, and far away,
Was a little baby born,
On the first glad Christmas day.
Words of truth and deeds of love
Filled his life from day to day;
So that all the world was blessed,
On the first glad Christmas day.

knives
dwarfs

handmill
disappointed

tablecloth
grinding

HOW THE SEA BECAME SALT

I

The water which falls in rain, and the water in the rivers and brooks, is fresh, but the water in the sea is salt. Some people tell the following story about how the sea became salt.

Once there were two brothers. One was selfish and wanted everything for himself. The other was kind and always ready to help other people. The kind brother was a poor man. He lived in a little house and worked hard every day. He always tried to do right, and was happier than his rich brother.

One year the poor brother could get only a little work to do. Sometimes his wife and children did not have enough to eat. When Christmas came, he did not have anything in the house for a Christmas dinner. "I will go and ask my rich brother to give us something to eat," he said.

When the rich brother heard what he wanted, he was angry. But it was Christmas, when every one is kind and gives presents. So the rich brother threw a ham at the poor brother and said, "Take that and do not come again."

The poor brother took the ham and started to go home. Near the road, in the forest, he saw an old man chopping wood.

"Good afternoon," said the old man.

"Good afternoon," said the poor brother.

"Where did you get that fine ham?" said the old man. Then the poor brother told him how his rich brother had given it to him.

"If I were you, I would take the ham to the land where the dwarfs live," said the old man. "They like ham very much, and they will make you rich if you take it to them."

"Who are the dwarfs and where do they live?" said the poor brother.

"They are little people who live under the ground," said the old man. "You can find them if you will lift up the stone which lies

under that big tree. Under the stone you will find a door. Open the door, walk down the steps, and you will soon be in the land of the dwarfs.

“Do not sell the ham to them for money. Tell them that they must give you the old handmill which hangs near the door. Then bring the mill to me and I will show you how to use it.”

The brother thanked the old man, lifted the stone, opened the door, and walked down the steps to the land of the dwarfs. There he saw many funny little men. When they smelled the ham, they ran to him as fast as they could.



“Please give us the ham! Please sell us the ham!” they said.

“I do not want to sell the ham,” said the poor brother. “I do not want your money. I want the old handmill that hangs behind the door.”

The handmill was very useful to the dwarfs and they wanted to keep it. When they wished for anything, they had only to tell the mill what they wanted, turn it, and out would come whatever they had wished for. The only thing that the mill would not grind for them was ham. So the dwarfs were very hungry for ham.

“Well, give him the mill,” said the king of the dwarfs. “He will not know how to use it.”

The poor brother took the mill, walked up the stairs, and was soon in the forest again. There he found the old man, who showed him how to use the mill.

II

Then the poor brother went home. His wife and children were very much disap-

pointed because he brought only the old mill and nothing to eat. They began to cry.

He put the mill on the table, began to turn it, and said: "Grind a good dinner! Grind a good dinner!" Out of the mill came a fine dinner. There were so many good things that they could not eat them all.

"Grind a table! Grind a tablecloth! Grind some spoons! Grind some knives! Grind some forks! Grind some dishes!" Out of the mill came everything he asked for.

At last the man said, "Grind a new house!" and from the mill there came a beautiful house. All the man and his wife had now to do was to wish for something and turn the mill; then out would come what they wanted.

When they had all they wanted for themselves, they told the mill to grind for the poor people who were their neighbors. From the mill came food, clothing, and all that the poor people needed. They all had a happy Christmas that year, and thanked the poor brother for his kindness.

When the next Christmas Day came, the

poor brother said to his wife: "Let us have a great feast. We will invite all the poor people of the country to come. Every one should be happy on Christmas Day."

So the mill was turned and soon there was plenty for all the people.

But there was a bad man at the feast and he had a bad servant. The bad man was a salt merchant. He was rich but he wanted to be richer. He thought: "I would like to have that mill. I would make it grind salt, and I would sell the salt and soon be the richest man in the country."

He gave some money to the bad servant and said, "Steal the mill for me."

So the servant stole the mill, and the bad man carried it to his ship on the sea.

He turned the mill and said: "Grind salt! Grind salt!" Then the mill began to grind salt. The salt came so fast that the ship was soon full of it.

The man did not know how to make the mill stop grinding salt. He said: "Enough! Enough! Stop grinding! I don't want any



more salt now!" But the mill went on grinding faster and faster.

The salt soon became too heavy for the ship, and it sank to the bottom of the sea, carrying with it the bad man and the mill. Some people say that the mill is still grinding salt at the bottom of the sea, and that this is why the water of the sea is salt. But you must not believe it.

Ārābīā	hūmp	rēbēllion (yūn)	jōurnēy
prēvēnt	kneel	stōmāch	grūmblē

THE CAMEL

A large part of the country of Arabia is a desert. Many of the people, who are called Arabs, live in tents. They travel on camels and horses.

The camel is about two meters high. It has a long hairy neck and long legs. Each foot has two broad toes. On the toes are thick pads, which protect the feet from the hot sands, and prevent them from sinking deeply into loose sand.

On its back the camel has a large lump of fat called the "hump." It is the animal's storehouse of food. When the camel is rested and well fed, its hump is large and firm, but after traveling several days without much food, its hump becomes small.

Before starting on a journey, the camel drinks five or six liters of water, which is stored away in a part of its stomach. It can travel several days without drinking.

Unlike the Arabian horse, the camel does not love its master. It bites, grumbles, and groans when it kneels for its load and while carrying it. It is always in rebellion. But without the camel the Arab could not live on the desert nor take long journeys across it.

shīvēřd cērtānlŷ cōmfōrtāblø sātīřfēd

THE CAMEL AND HIS MASTER

One cool, windy night an Arab sat in his tent. His camel stood outside and shivered with cold. By and by the camel came to the door of the tent and said: "Kind master, the air is cold out here. Please let me put my head into the tent." "Certainly," replied the Arab, and the camel pushed his head into the tent.

Soon the camel spoke again. "This is very comfortable for my head, but may I not put in my neck also?" "You may do so," said the master.

After looking around the tent, the camel said: "I would take only a little more room, if I might put in my fore legs also. Dear

master, may I do so?" "Oh yes," answered the Arab, but he had to move to make room for the camel.

For a few minutes the camel seemed satisfied, then he said: "As I now stand, I keep the door open. It would be much better if I



were wholly inside." "Well, come in," said the kind Arab.

The camel pushed into the tent and said: "Can't you see there isn't room for both of us? You are the smaller. You go outside." So the camel pushed the Arab out into the cold and darkness.

How are some people like this camel?

spûrs	prîsonēr	grîef	gnawēd
fāiṭhfūl	rōbbērs	whînnȳ	snîffēd
sūrroundēd	eāmp	trēmblēd	spīrit

HASSAN AND HIS HORSE

Besides the camel the Arabs have the most beautiful horses in the world. They are cared for, petted, and loved as are the children.



An Arab, named Hassan, loved his horse almost as much as he loved his wife and children. He was very kind to it. He never used a whip or spurs.

The horse, too, loved his master dearly.

One day Hassan was riding some miles away from his home, when he was surrounded and taken prisoner by some robbers.

They tied him on his horse and took him a few miles away to their camp. There they tied his hands and feet, and put him on the ground. They led his horse to another part of the camp.

Hassan knew that they would sell him as a slave. He was very sad when he thought that he would never see his wife and children again, and that his horse must now have a new master.

In the middle of the night, he heard his horse whinny. Then Hassan, by rolling over and over on the ground, came to where his horse was. His horse knew him and trembled with joy.

Hassan trembled too, but from pain. He thought he would try to set his horse free. He wanted his horse to go home where loving hands would care for him.

Hassan found the rope with which the horse was tied. He took it in his mouth and gnawed it with his teeth until he had worn it in two. Then he said to his horse: "Go! Go home!"

But the faithful horse would not go. He sniffed at the cords which bound his master. He licked his face and whinnied softly. Then he took Hassan's belt in his teeth, lifted him from the ground, and ran away toward his home.

Miles and miles he ran and never stopped to rest. Miles and miles he carried Hassan in his mouth until he came to Hassan's home.

The wife and children were very glad to see them. But their joy was soon changed to grief, for the noble horse dropped dead at their feet. He had given his life to save his master.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true ;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too ;
For the friendly ties that bind me,
For the tasks that God has given me,
For the memories left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountains,
The river running by,
The morning and the sunset,
That lighteth up the sky,

The tall trees in the green wood,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

He who would live in peace and rest,
Must hear and see and love the best.

zäeäte	erüşhød	fûrnîtürø	flôur
eōgön	pûrpösēs	thrëshød	whēat
rīdgēs	pīth	cätlø	jôint

GRASSES

There are many kinds of grass. Some grasses are among the most useful plants in the world. How could the cattle and the horses live if there were no grass to eat? But did you know that nearly all the people in the world eat the seeds and other parts of grasses, and that many of them could not live if there were no grasses? They do not eat the short grass which grows in the fields and by the roadside, but they eat rice, corn, sugarcane, and wheat, and other grains which grow in many countries. All these plants are grasses.

In some places a kind of grass, called zacate, grows in wet fields. The fields are made so that they can be flooded, or covered with water. Zacate grows very fast, and when it is eight or ten inches high, it is cut and given to the horses. Men and boys carry it

in large bundles from the fields to the houses, or sell it in the markets.

Another grass is called cogon grass. It is a coarse grass and grows very high. It grows in damp places and on the hillsides. Some

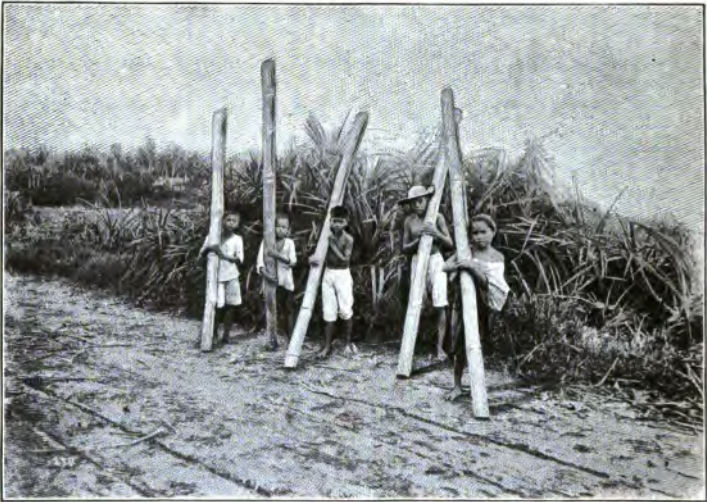


people use it to cover the roofs and sides of their houses. When it is full grown, it has a beautiful white top of which brooms are sometimes made.

Like other grasses, the rice, corn, sugarcane, and bamboo plants all have joints in their stems. If you look at the stem of one of

these grasses, you will see the ridges going around it. These ridges divide the stem into joints. All grasses have joints in their stems.

Some grasses, like the rice and the bamboo, have hollow stems, while others, like the corn



and the sugarcane, have a soft inside part called pith. The pith of the sugarcane contains a sweet juice, which is crushed out, boiled, and made into sugar.

The largest of the grasses is the bamboo. Some bamboos grow more than thirty meters high. The stem of the bamboo is hollow,

light, and very useful. The joints may be used as cups for carrying water, for cooking, and for many other purposes. The stems are used in making the frames, walls, doors, floors, and other parts of houses. They are used also for making furniture, mats, hats, and other useful things. Sometimes the very young bamboo is used for food. The bamboo is a most useful plant.

More than half the people of the world eat rice. But in America and many other countries, besides rice and corn, the people eat wheat, and grow rye, oats, and barley. Oats are eaten mostly by the cattle and horses. The wheat is gathered, threshed, and ground into flour. The flour is sent to all parts of the world. Did you ever eat any bread made of wheat flour?

He who thanks with the lips,
Thanks but in part;
The full, the true thanksgiving,
Comes from the heart.

showēr	dīstancē	spreāđ	rīpēnēđ
dīstant	rāīnbōw	pōundēđ	sīlvērŷ

THE RICE AND THE RAINBOW COUNTRY

Some people of Borneo say that long ago men had only fish, meat, fruit, and vegetables to eat. There was no rice. In a village lived a young man named Jura. One day after a shower had passed, he went to sea with two of his friends. They were going to a distant island to catch sea turtles.

When they were some distance from the shore, a rainbow came into the sky. They were surprised to see, also in the sky, a large tree, with its branches hanging near the water while its roots were in the clouds far above the rainbow.

At last they came to the tree, and Jura climbed into the branches to gather the fruit which grew there. Then he thought he would like to see how the roots of a tree could grow in the air. He began to climb, and was soon so high that his friends could not see him.



They waited a short time for him to return, and then went away.

Jura saw them go. He knew that he could not return and began to climb higher. After climbing a long time, he came to the roots, which spread out through the clouds. He climbed up through the roots and at last came to a new and beautiful country above the clouds.

The grass and the leaves of the trees were all the colors of the rainbow. It was really the land of the rainbow. Sometimes after a

shower we can see a little of this beautiful country.

Here Jura met a man named Kira. Kira took him to his house and made a feast for him. Among other things he gave Jura a dish full of soft white grains and said, "Eat, my friend, and be happy."

"What! Pardon me, but do you wish me to eat those white worms?" said Jura.

"They are not worms. They are the boiled grains of rice," said Kira. "Do you not have rice in your country?"

"No," said Jura. Then Kira told him how the rice grains are planted, gathered, pounded, and cooked. Jura ate some of the rice and liked it.

Then he thought of his father, mother, sisters, and brothers. Tears came into his eyes and he could eat no more.

Kira said: "Friend, do not be troubled. I will help you to return to your people when you wish to go. Eat and be happy while you are here with me in the land of the rainbow."

Jura stayed with Kira for seven days. They walked about in the beautiful fields of the sky and in the colored mountains of the clouds. They passed through fields yellow with the ripened rice. They sailed on the



silvery rivers of the clouds and on the blue ocean of the sky.

On the afternoon of the seventh day, Jura said that he wished to go home. Then Kira gave him the seeds of three kinds of rice, and let him down to the earth with a long

rope. Jura soon reached home, and told his people about the rainbow country and the rice.

They planted, watered, gathered, pounded, and cooked the rice as Kira had taught Jura to do. All the people in Jura's country soon learned to eat rice, and now, when they see the fields yellow with the ripened grain, they think of kind Kira in the rainbow country, who first gave them the rice.

fiftŷ	ætiõns	ôrděrly	põsitiõn
õffice	nõticed	mõdest	ĩndũstriõũs
æply	tĩdy	rẽasõns	rẽcõmmẽdãtiõn

THE BEST RECOMMENDATIONS

A lawyer once wanted a boy to work with him in his office. Nearly fifty boys went to apply for the position. The lawyer chose one of these boys and sent away the others.

"Why did you choose this boy?" said a friend to the lawyer. "He did not bring any written recommendations, but the other boys brought letters from their teachers and

friends, telling how industrious, careful, honest, and polite they were."

"I chose this boy," said the lawyer, "because he had the best recommendations."

"What were they?"
said the friend.

The lawyer said: "First of all, he wiped his feet when he came in and closed the door behind him. These actions showed that he was *tidy* and *orderly*.

"When an old man who was a little lame came into the office, the boy at once gave his chair to him.

This showed that he was *thoughtful of others*.

"I placed a book on the floor to see who would pick it up. The other boys pushed it aside with their feet or stepped on it, but this boy picked it up and put it on the table. This showed that he was *careful*.

"The other boys pushed and crowded each other to get to me first, but this boy waited



quietly and patiently for his turn. This showed that he was *modest*.

"I noticed that his clothes were white and clean, his hair was well brushed, his finger nails were clean, his teeth were white, and his shoes were clean.

"These are my reasons for choosing this boy. Such recommendations are better than all the fine letters he could have brought from teachers and friends. I can tell better what a boy is by watching him a few minutes, than by reading a basketful of letters about him."

If wisdom's ways you'd wisely seek,
 Five things observe with care;
Of whom you speak, *to* whom you speak,
 And *how*, and *when*, and *where*.

If thou know'st no good to say
 Of thy brother, foe, or friend,
 Take thou, then, the silent way,
 Lest in word thou should'st offend.

KEEP TRYING

Drive the nail aright, boys,
Hit it on the head ;
Strike with all your might, boys,
While the iron's red.

When you've work to do, boys,
Do it with a will ;
They who reach the top, boys,
First must climb the hill.

Standing at the foot, boys,
Gazing at the sky ;
How can you get up, boys,
If you never try ?

Though you stumble oft, boys,
Never be downcast ;
Try and try again, boys.
You'll succeed at last.

God gives all things to those who persevere
Sloth is the mother of poverty.

chōeōlātø	hǎrrōwød	floodød	pāĩntød
eáeāō	eũltivātød	pǎddiøſ	glāzød
pāstø	ēvāpōrātød	bōttōm	stēāmshĩp
hǎylød	mōlǎssēs	bāsʹn	dĩtchēs

JUAN'S DINNER

One day Juan was eating his dinner with his father, mother, and sister. His father said, "Juan, how many people do you think helped get this dinner for us?"

Juan. — Two. My mother made the chocolate and put the dishes and cloth on the table, and my sister cooked the rice and the fish.

Father. — Only two! Are those all you can think of? Many people whom you have never seen helped to get this dinner.

Juan. — I do not see how that can be.

Father. — Well, let us begin with the chocolate.

Juan. — I saw mother make that this morning.

Father. — She only made it ready for us to drink. The chocolate was made from cacao beans, which grew somewhere on a cacao tree.

The beans grow in a large pod. There are about twenty beans in each pod.

Let us see how many people helped get this chocolate for us to drink. First, a man must have planted the cacao tree. Perhaps he also took the pod from the tree, took the beans out of the pod, and put them in the sunshine to dry. Another man roasted the beans, and another took the skins off them, pounded them into meal in a mortar, and mixed sugar with the meal. This made the chocolate paste which another man carried to the market and sold to your mother. Now how many persons helped make the chocolate?



CACAO

Juan. — Five or six besides my mother.

Father. — Yes, but we have only begun to count them. Some sugar has been put into the chocolate. We must count the people who helped us get the sugar. First, a man plowed and harrowed the ground; another



man planted the cane and cultivated it. He afterwards cut it; but another man hauled the cane to the mill, and another put it through the rollers to crush it. After this, other men put the juice into vats, stirred it, and kept the fires burning under the vats; then they put the sugar into jars and drained off the molasses. Other men put the sugar in the sunshine to dry, put it into bags, carried it to the market and sold it. It is difficult to tell how many men helped to get the sugar and the chocolate, but I think there were about fifty.

Juan. — I never thought before that it took so much work to make a cup of chocolate.

Father. — Yes, but the chocolate is only a small part of your dinner. There is the rice you are eating. You know where that came from.

Juan. — I think it grew in a field not far from here.

Father. — About how many people helped you get the rice? First, there were the men who plowed the land, made the ditches, and flooded the paddies; second, a man sowed the



rice in the seed paddy. Third, when the seed rice was about ten inches high, men and women pulled it, tied it into bundles, and planted it. Fourth, when the rice was ripe, there were many men and women who gathered it, put it into stacks, and then threshed it. Fifth, there were the people who hauled the rice to the storehouse, pounded and cleaned it, and sold it to me. You must count all of these people besides your sister who cooked it.

Juan. — I think about fifty people helped us get the rice.

Father. — Yes, but they are not all. In the rice there is some salt. Let us see about that. In the first place a man had to make a salt basin. Another man washed the salty earth and ran the water into the basin. When the water was evaporated, the salt was left in the bottom of the basin. Another man put the salt into bags, and another man hauled it to the town to sell it. Other men brought it to our town and sold it to the merchant of whom we bought it.

Juan. — You have forgotten the fish.

Father. — No, I have not. I caught the fish yesterday and your sister cooked it this morning. So we will say that only two people helped you to get the fish. But there are



the stove and the jars which your sister used in cooking the fish and the rice.

Juan. — Yes, and here are the dishes, the knives, forks, and spoons, the table and the tablecloth.

I know how the jars and the stove are made. I think it took about ten or twenty people to

make them and get them to us. But I do not know about these other things.

Father. — The dishes were made in another country called China. They were made from clay, painted, baked, and glazed, carried to the sea, put on a steamship, and brought to Manila. Then they were carried on small boats and carts to the merchant of whom I bought them. More than a hundred people must have helped get these dishes to us.



Juan. — Did the Chinese make the knives, forks, spoons, and the tablecloth?

Father. — No, I think they were all made in America. Hundreds of men worked to

make all of these things and bring them over the oceans to us.

Juan. — More than a thousand people must have helped to get this dinner. It makes me feel rich to think so many people have worked for me.

Father. — Yes, you might say that you have servants all over the world. Think of your books, your clothes, and all that you have about you, and think how many people must have worked before you could have them.

The people all over the world work to help one another. While they are working and making all these things which you enjoy, what are you doing for them? How much do you owe the people of your country and of the world? Think of all the things you have had since you were a baby. You are in debt for all of these things. You can pay your debt only by working hard yourself, and always doing the best you can for other people. You can see now how wrong it is to be selfish and lazy.

agreeablø	ēmēralds	wrinklød
Jāpānēsø	fāīrýlānd	bēlōngød
hīndēr	rēmēmbērød	dīsōbēdīent
nīnētý	ōbeyød	displēasød

OURASIMA, THE LITTLE FISHERMAN

A long time ago there lived on the seashore in Japan a young man named Ourasima. He was kind and agreeable, and a very good fisherman.

One day he went out on the sea to fish, and what do you think he caught? He caught no fish, only a large turtle with a very hard shell, a small head, and a long tail.

The Japanese say that turtles live a thousand years. When Ourasima was pulling the turtle into his boat he thought: "A fish would be better for my dinner than this turtle. Perhaps it has lived only one year. Why should I kill it and hinder it from living for nine hundred and ninety-nine more years? No, I will not be so cruel. I am sure my mother would be displeased if I should kill the turtle."

Then he threw the turtle into the water, lay down in his boat, and went to sleep; for it was noon and the air was very hot. While he was sleeping, a beautiful young woman came out of the water and stepped into the boat.



She said: "I am the daughter of the god of the sea. I live with my father in the palace of the dragons under the sea.

"That was not a turtle which you caught just now and so kindly threw back into the

sea. It was myself. My father sent me to see whether you were good or bad. Now we know that you are a good, kind youth, who does not like to be cruel. I have come to take you to my home under the deep blue sea. There you may marry me, and we shall live happily together for a thousand years."

Ourasima was pleased with the princess of the sea. He took one oar and she took the

other, and after rowing a long time they came to the palace of the dragons. Here lived the god of the sea, and this was the home of the princess.

How beautiful it was! The walls of the palace were of many colored corals, the trees had emeralds for leaves and pearls for fruit. The scales of the fishes were of silver, and the tails of the dragons were of pure gold. The palace now belonged to Ourasima and the princess, for he was the son-in-law of the god of the sea.

The young people were very happy for three years. They walked and played about among the trees, in the gardens, and in the palace. But one morning Ourasima said to his wife: "I am very happy here. But I should like to return to my home to see my father and mother, my brothers and sisters. Let me go for a few days and I will gladly return."

"Please do not go," said the princess. "I am afraid that something will happen to you. But if you really wish to go, I cannot keep

you from doing so. Only take this box with you, and do not open it. If you open it, you cannot return to me."

Ourasima took the box and promised not to open it. Then he sat in his boat and rowed and rowed until he came to the sea-shore near his home. But the country did not look the same. Where was his father's house? Where was the village which had stood near the shore?



The mountains and the brooks looked the same, but the trees had been cut down, and where rice fields had been there were now large forests. It was strange how things had changed in only three years.

When Ourasima came to the shore, he saw two men standing there. "Can you tell me what has become of the house of Ourasima which was once at this place?" he asked.

“Ourasima!” said they. “Why, he was drowned, while fishing, four hundred years ago. His parents, his brothers and sisters, their children and grandchildren have all been dead a long time. This is an old, old story. Why should you ask for Ourasima’s house now? It fell to pieces hundreds of years ago.”

Then Ourasima began to think. He thought that the palace of the god of the seas, with



its beautiful corals, its leaves of emeralds, its fruits of pearls, its silver fish, and its dragons with golden tails, must be a part of fairy-land. He thought that a day there

was as long as a year on land, so that the three years in which he had lived with the princess were equal to hundreds of years on the land.

Now that all of his family and friends were dead, Ourasima wished only to go back to his wife, the beautiful princess of the sea. But how was he to go? There was no one now to show him the way. "Perhaps," said he, "if I open the box which she gave me, it will tell me the way."

He forgot his promise, and opened the box. What do you think came out of it? Nothing but a blue cloud that spread out over the ocean.

Ourasima cried :

"Stop! Stop!

Come back!"



and ran after it, for now he remembered that his wife had said, if he opened the box, he could not return to her.

Soon he could run no farther. His hair suddenly became white, his face became wrinkled, and his back was bent like that of a very old man. His breath stopped, and he fell dead on the shore. Poor Ourasima died because he was careless and disobedient.

If he had only remembered what his wife had told him, and had obeyed her, he might be living now in the beautiful palace under the sea. If you had been Ourasima, what would you have done?

EVENING PRAYER

Loving Father, put away
All things wrong I've done to-day;
Make me gentle, true, and good,
Make me love Thee as I should;
Make me feel by day and night
I am ever in Thy sight;
Jesus was a little child,
Make me like Him, meek and mild.

Heavenly Father, hear my prayer,
Take Thy child into Thy care;
Let Thy angels, good and bright,
Watch around me through the night.
Keep me now, and when I die
Take me to the glorious sky.
Father, merciful and mild,
Listen to Thy little child.

dāḷṡ	wondĕrfŭl	jōyfŭllŷ	dĕlicatĕ
brŏnzĕ	ġĕnĕrŏŭs	fĕstivāl	splĕndŏr

THE TINY LANTERN OF YAMATO

In Japan the children are taught always to obey their parents. After the parents die, the children go to their graves and pray to them. The churches are called temples. Some of the temples are built on high hills or in forests. Many lanterns of paper, stone, wood, or bronze are placed on each side of the way to the temples and in them.

In the schools and in the homes, the Japanese children are told many stories to teach them to be brave, to obey their parents, and to love their country. Here is one of these stories. Can you tell what it teaches?

Once in Yamato there lived a poor woman who was very good. She was very old, and although her parents had been dead many years, she had not forgotten them. She went each day to their graves to pray. She was always kind to others. Often she had nothing to eat because she had given all her

food to the hungry. She said, "It is better to be hungry than to be hard of heart."

The people of Yamato built a grand temple. They were very proud of it, and gave many yen to pay for it. A yen is equal in value to a



peso. They also made a wonderful lantern of bronze. For many days the makers worked on it with great skill and patience. It was very delicate and beautiful. When it was finished, it was placed on a large stand in the temple.

Many lanterns of all kinds were given to the temple. A rich man gave a thousand large

ones. He said to himself, "Now all men will see how generous I am."

The poor woman was grieved, for she thought, "I have nothing to give. The gods would not accept anything I have." She looked about in her house, for something to sell, but she had nothing any one would want to buy.

At last she thought of one thing she might sell. "My hair is long and black. It is worth something. I am too old to marry. No one cares for me or how I look. I will sell it and make a gift to the temple."

So she sold her hair and bought a tiny temple light. This she joyfully placed in the temple. How small it looked beside the rich man's large lanterns! But its little light warmed her kind old heart and made her happy.

That night there was a great festival in the temple. All the lanterns were lighted. The people praised the rich man, and said: "How generous he is! How kind and great!" No one noticed the tiny lantern which was placed there with love and care by the old woman.

Suddenly a strong wind began to blow. It

blew out the lights in all the great lanterns of the rich man, and the light in the wonderful bronze lantern. For a moment all were in darkness. Then a tiny light shone and seemed to make the whole temple as bright as day.

The people wondered when they saw so much light come from such a tiny lantern. Their wonder increased when they learned that this light was the gift of the poor old woman. But the priest, who was old and good and wise, said: "Do not wonder! In the sight of the All-Knowing-One, the little gift of a good heart is more worthy than all the splendor of the rich and proud."

Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one.

Truth itself is not believed

From one who often has deceived.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

A soft answer turns away wrath.

Gěrmāny	věgětablø	trēmblød	childish
kīngdom	mīnērāl	ēōūrāgø	agreeablø

THE THREE KINGDOMS

Many years ago Frederic was king of a part of Germany. He often traveled through his kingdom to meet the people and to see how they lived.

One day he stopped at a pretty little village. The people loved their king and they were greatly pleased to have him visit them.

They did many things to make his stay pleasant and agreeable. The children sang songs and threw flowers in his pathway.

As they gathered around him to hear him talk, he took an orange and asked, "Children, to what kingdom does this belong?"

"To the vegetable kingdom," replied one of the little girls.

"To what kingdom does this belong?" he said, as he took a piece of gold money from his pocket.

"To the mineral kingdom," the little girl replied.

“And to what kingdom do I belong, my child?” he asked. He thought that she would surely say, “To the animal kingdom.”



But the little girl did not know what answer to give. She feared that it would not be right to say that the kind king belonged to the animal kingdom.

“Well,” said the good king, “do you not know the answer to that question?”

The kind words and the gentle look of the king gave the little girl courage to speak what she thought. She trembled a little as she stood before him, but looking into his face, she said, "I think, sir, you belong to the kingdom of Heaven."

The king placed his hand on her head. His heart was touched by her childish words. His eyes filled with tears. He said, "God grant that I may be worthy of that kingdom."

solemn eternal pa~~u~~se befell distress

GOOD-BY, GOD BLESS YOU

I love the words, perhaps, because

When I was leaving mother,

Standing at last in solemn pause,

We looked at one another.

And I — I saw in mother's eyes

The love she could not tell me —

A love eternal as the skies,

Whatever fate befell me.

She put her arms about my neck,
 And soothed the pain of leaving;
 And though her heart was like to break,
 She spoke no word of grieving.

She let no tear bedim her eye,
 For fear that might distress me;
 But, kissing me, she said, "Good-by,"
 And asked our God to bless me.

Honor thy father and thy mother that thy
 days may be long upon the land that the Lord
 thy God giveth thee.

männers questions impatient possible

THE TEN SERVANTS

Elsa was a little girl who lived in the country. Her father was a rich farmer. She had no sisters nor brothers. When she was thirteen years old, her parents sent her to the city to live with her rich aunt, and to learn city ways and manners.

She dressed in fine clothes, and did not

like to work. Everything possible was done for her, and she did nothing for herself.

When she was twenty years of age, she married a young farmer, who belonged to a good family, but was not rich. To make a good living he had to work every day with his servants. He gave Elsa charge of the house.

Elsa did not know how to work nor how to direct the servants. Soon there were many things waiting to be done. A servant came to her and said: "Dear Madam, the rice is cooked. Will you please show me how you wish the rice cakes to be made?"

Then another servant said: "Dear Madam, the potatoes are ready to be cooked. Are they to be baked or boiled?"

A third servant said: "Dear Madam, shall I set the table for dinner? Will you come and show me how you wish it to be done?"

Other servants came and asked so many questions that Elsa did not know what to say first. While she was trying to think of something to say, her husband came in for his dinner. He became impatient when he found that

Elsa did not know how to direct the servants. He began to scold. Then Elsa became angry and went into her bedroom and shut the door.

She began to cry, saying: "I love my husband, but he is unkind to want me to do so much work. I do not know how to work. I wish there was some one to help me."

"I will help you," said a voice. Elsa looked up and saw a little old man standing before her.

"Do not be afraid," said he. "I have come to help you. Your life is unhappy because you do not like to work. I will give you ten servants who will always do as you tell them, and work so faithfully and cheerfully that you will always like to keep them busy."

Then the old man took from his pockets ten funny little men. He said, "Now hold out your hands and let me see your fingers."

Elsa put out her hands. The old man touched the fingers and said: "Hop on my Thumb, Duty Done, Longest One, Heart in Hand, Little Man — away, all of you, to your places."



Then somehow the little men went into her fingers and the old man vanished. For some time Elsa sat and wondered if she had been dreaming. Then the wish to work came to her. The ten servants wanted something to do.

So she hurried to the kitchen, and found her ten little servants ready to help her. After that she liked to work, and everything in her house was well done. Every one in the house was happy. Elsa soon learned that work brings wealth and happiness.

whĭspĕr

yĕā

nāy

rĕcĕivĕ

WHAT TO DO

If you've any task to do,
 Let me whisper, friend, to you,
 Do it.

If you've anything to say
 True and needed, yea or nay,
 Say it.

If you've anything to love,
 As a blessing from above,
 Love it.

If you've anything to give,
 That another's joy may live,
 Give it.

If you've any debt to pay,
 Rest you neither night nor day,
 Pay it.

It is more blessed to give than to receive.

ēlēphānt hōwdāh Intēllīgēnt ěxċēllēnt
 maḥōūt cūnnīng rēmēmbērd ěspēciāly

THE ELEPHANT

In India there are many elephants. Wild elephants live in the forests in small groups called herds. They are caught, tamed, and used by the people to do many kinds of work.

A large elephant is about three meters high. Its legs are large, round, and very strong. It has very large ears, and a short tail without hair. The male elephant has long, heavy tusks of ivory.

The most wonderful part of the elephant is its trunk, which is an extension of its nose and upper lip. At the end of the trunk is a kind of finger with which the animal can pick up small objects and grass, leaves, and other food to put into its mouth. When it drinks, it first sucks the water up into its trunk and then spurts it into its mouth. The trunk also is very strong and may be used to pull up trees, or help to carry heavy loads.

The skin and the hair of elephants are of nearly the same color as those of carabaos. They are fond of bathing. They like to draw



mud and water into their trunks and then throw them over their bodies. They are excellent swimmers and are able to cross large rivers without trouble.

The people who ride on an elephant sit on

a large pad or in a small car, called a howdah. The driver sits on its neck, and is called the mahout. The elephants of rich princes are covered with costly silks and rugs, and carry beautiful howdahs in which their masters ride comfortably on soft cushions and pillows.

The elephant is very intelligent and very cunning. An interesting story is told of an elephant which was chained to a post. One day while his mahout was away, he pulled up the post, went to a box of rice, and ate all he wanted. Then he returned, put the post back into the hole, and when the mahout returned, he was standing as quietly as if nothing had happened.

The elephant usually is gentle and loves those who are kind to it, but hates those who have treated it cruelly. An elephant, which passed a fruit stand every day, always put out his trunk to ask for some fruit. Because he was so gentle, the woman who owned the stand gave him an orange each day.

One day, because his mahout had been cruel to him, this elephant broke loose, ran

down the street and smashed everything in his way. When he came to the fruit stand, he stopped, and gently picked up the little child of the kind woman and placed it out of danger. Then he went on down the street, smashing windows, overturning carts and stands, and destroying all he could.

Another elephant each day passed by a tailor's shop. He put his trunk through the window, and the tailor always gave him some sugar or a fig.

One day the tailor thought he would play a trick on the elephant. When the elephant put his trunk through the window again, the tailor pricked it with his needle.

The elephant withdrew his trunk quickly and went on his way as though nothing had happened. Soon he came to a pond of muddy water. After filling his trunk, he went back to the tailor's shop, put his trunk through the window, and threw the mud and water over everything in the shop, and so taught the tailor a very good lesson.

tōūchīng mīstākēn hūgē pārtiēlē

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

In India the people are very fond of telling stories. In the evening they sit in small groups to hear some wonderful or interesting tale. Often they tell this story about the six blind men.

These blind beggars had often heard of elephants, but, of course, they had never seen one.

One morning, while they stood by the roadside and begged, an elephant came down the road to where they stood. When they were told the great beast was near, they asked the driver to let them touch him. They thought that by touching him, they could learn just what kind of animal he was.

The first man put his hand on the elephant's side. "Well, well!" he said, "now I know all about this beast. It is exactly like a wall."

The second beggar felt only of the elephant's tusk. "My brother," he said, "you

are mistaken. He is not like a wall. He is long, round, smooth, and sharp like a spear."

The third happened to take hold of the trunk. "Both of you are wrong," he said. "Anybody can see that this elephant is like a snake."

The fourth reached out his arms and grasped one of the legs. "Oh, how blind you are!" he said. "It is clear to me that he is round and tall like a tree."

The fifth was a very tall man, and he took hold of the elephant's ear. "The blindest man ought to know that he is not like anything you have named," he said. "He is exactly like a fan."

It was some time before the sixth man found the elephant. At last he seized its tail. "You foolish fellows!" he cried. "Any man with a particle of intelligence can see that he is exactly like a rope."

Then the elephant moved on, and the six men sat by the roadside and quarreled about him. Each said he knew exactly how an ele-

phant looked, and called the others bad names because they did not agree with him. Sometimes people who have eyes are just as foolish as the blind men.

princeŝ erawled grănărŷ priŝoněrŝ

A STORY WITHOUT AN END

Once there was in India a king who was very fond of stories. He was always sorry when a story was ended. If no one was ready with a new story, he was very angry.

At last he said, "Whoever will tell a story that has no ending shall marry my daughter, and he shall be king after me. But whoever tries to tell such a story and fails shall be thrown into prison."

The daughter was a beautiful princess and the kingdom was very rich. Therefore many young princes and noblemen came to try to win her.

The first one talked all the first day, all the second and third days, but on the fourth day he stopped and could think of nothing more.



"To prison with him," ordered the king.
"Next."

The second prince, after talking three weeks, could say nothing more, and he went to prison. Others followed him. Some of them talked for weeks, some for months, but at last all of their tales came to an end and they were put into prison.

One day a stranger came to the king and said, "I can tell you a tale without an end."

"Tell it, then," said the king. "I will listen."

The stranger began. "There was once a king who built the largest granary ever seen. It took an hour to walk from one side to the other, and a day to walk the length of it.

"Then he made all his people raise corn. There were hundreds of kilometers of corn. When it was ripe, it was gathered and stored in the granary. Year after year, they raised corn and put all the ripe corn in this great storehouse. At last, after many years, the granary was filled.

"But one day an ant found a hole in the side of the granary. It was just large enough for one ant to crawl through. It went in and

brought out a grain of corn. Then another ant went in and brought out another grain of corn. Then another ant went in and brought out another grain of corn."

So day after day and week after week the man kept on saying, "Then another ant went in and brought out another grain of corn."

"All the ants must have been in by this time," said the king.

"Oh no," replied the man, "they came from a large hill, where there were millions of them. Besides, some of them came back a second time." And he went on saying, "And another ant went in and brought out another grain of corn," for two years.

Then the king asked, "How much corn is left in the granary now?"

"They have cleared away only about ten cubic meters," answered the man, "and there are hundreds of thousands more left." And he went on with his story, "Then another ant went in and brought out another grain of corn."

But the king cried, "Stop! I will listen no

longer. Take the princess, and the kingdom, but never let me hear another word about those ants."

The man married the princess and let all the prisoners free. And the king did not wish to hear any more long stories.

hāļlōd mārīnēŗš elārjōn prōelājīm

DAYBREAK

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
 "Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry tower,
 "Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
 And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

True worth is in *being*, not in *seeming*, —
 In doing each day that goes by
 Some little good — not in dreaming
 Of great things to do by and by.

Do not look for wrong and evil, —
 You will find them if you do;
 As you measure for your neighbor
 He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
 You will meet them all the while;
 If you bring a smiling visage
 To the glass, you meet a smile.

eōstlŷ	business	dīamōnd	Impōrtānt
Pērsiā	ānxiētīeš	sēttlēd	drēamēd

THE NOBLEST DEED

In Persia there was once a rich merchant who wanted to be free of the cares and



anxieties of his business, because he was growing old. So he divided his goods among his three sons, and kept only a small part for himself.

When all this important business was settled, the Persian said to his sons, "There is one thing which I did not give you, because it could not be divided. It is this costly diamond ring. I will give it to the one who

does the noblest deed. Go, travel for six months, return, and tell what you have done."

So the sons departed, traveled in different directions, and at the end of the time, all returned to tell about their journeys.

The oldest son spoke first, and said, "On my journey a stranger asked me to guard a large number of valuable jewels. I could easily and safely have taken some of them and made myself rich. But I gave the package back to him exactly as I received it. Now, wasn't that a noble deed?"

The father replied: "To be simply honest is not to be noble. You did only what is right. You acted well, but not nobly."

The second son said, "One day I saw a child who was playing on the bank of a lake fall into the water. To save it from drowning, I jumped from my horse, leaped into the water, and carried the child safely to its mother. Do you not think that was a very noble deed?"

"My son," said the Persian, "you did only

your duty. It was your duty to save the child if you could. You, too, have acted well, but not nobly."



Then the youngest son said, "I had an enemy who has tried many times to kill me. One day, I was traveling along a very narrow and dangerous road. On one side was a high mountain, and on the other a steep, high cliff. I was surprised to see some one lying in the road. I dismounted, and found that it was my enemy.

"He was asleep on the very edge of the cliff. If he had moved in his sleep, he would have rolled over and been dashed to pieces on the rocks below. I might have pushed him over, but I pulled him back, woke him, and sent him on his way."

Then the father cried out in joy, "Dear son,

the diamond is yours! for it is noble and god-like to help an enemy and to do good to those who wish to do us evil."

Jērūsālēm ĥōnōrēd Sōlōmōn elājmēd

KING SOLOMON AND THE MOTHERS

Many hundreds of years ago, the people of most of the world were ruled by kings. The kings were the judges. They settled all the disputes of their people. If a king was cruel, selfish, and unjust, the people were sad; but if he was wise and good, they were happy.

In those olden times King Solomon lived in Jerusalem and ruled over a large kingdom called Israel. He was very wise, and was known and honored by the peoples of many countries as the best and wisest of kings.

One day two women had a dispute about a child. Each claimed that she was its mother. They came before King Solomon and asked

him to settle the dispute, and decide which woman should have the baby.

Each woman told her story so well that it



was hard to know which was the true mother.

But the king was wise and he thought: "I have heard their tongues speak. What will their hearts say?"

So he said to the women, "I am unable to decide which of you should have the child. Shall I not have him cut into two equal parts, and give each of you half of him?"

One woman said, "Yes, wise king, if I may not have the child, give me half, for I do not want that woman to have him."

But the other woman fell on her knees before the king, and cried: "O king, do not harm the child! If I may not take him, give him to this woman, but do not cut him in two. I shall mourn for him, but I shall be glad that he lives."

Then the king spoke. "Surely, a true mother's heart has spoken by your tongue. Take your baby." To the first woman he said, "Begone, for you are not the mother of this child."

My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother.

Cōnfūciūs (shǐ)	těrrīblŷ	rēmāĭn	dēeāy
self-cōntrōl	ēnrāgēd	pěrfēet	rēsĭst

A LESSON FROM CONFUCIUS

About twenty-five hundred years ago the Chinese also had a very good and wise teacher named Confucius. We now read and study the wise sayings of King Solomon as they are written in the Bible. The Chinese children are taught to read and learn many good and wise sayings of Confucius.

One day Confucius heard two of his pupils quarreling. One was gentle and peaceful. The other had a kind heart, but he was too easily angered. If he could not have his own way, he became suddenly and terribly angry.

One day, after he had been very angry, blood came from his mouth. In great fear he went to Confucius, and asked: "What shall I do with my body? I fear that I shall not live long. It may be better that I no longer study and work."

Confucius answered, "You have a wrong idea about your body. It is not the study,

not the work in school, but your great anger that causes the trouble.

"I will help you to see this. You remember when you and Nou-Wui quarreled. In a little while he was at peace and happy again, but you were very long in overcoming your anger. You cannot expect to live long



if you do that way. Every time one of the pupils says something that you do not like, you are greatly enraged. There are a thousand pupils in the school. If each pupil

offends you only once, you will have a thousand fits of anger this year. You will surely die if you do not use more self-control. Now, how many teeth have you?"

"I have thirty-two."

"How many tongues?"

"Just one."

"How many teeth have you lost?"

"I lost one when I was nine years old, and four when I was about twenty-six."

"And your tongue—is it still perfect?"

"Yes, it is."

"You know Mun-Gun, who is quite old. How many teeth has he?"

"Two, I think; but his tongue is perfect."

"Now you see that the teeth, which are hard and resist everything, are the first part of man to decay. But the tongue, which is weak and does not always try to have its own way, remains perfect until the end. So it is with men. Those who resist everything and insist on having their own way, are the first to decay."

Hölländ	Äfrīeā	trūstwōrthȳ	trēmblēd
Mōrōccō	Sūltān	fāȳthfūlnēss	ēxēcūtionēr
ādmīrāl	prōpērtȳ	īmmedīātēlȳ	eūstōmērs

A TRUE SERVANT

This is a story about a boy named Michael, who lived in Holland. He wished to be a sailor, and was given a position as captain's boy on a ship that was to sail to Morocco on the northern coast of Africa. It carried many rolls of cloth to be sold to the people there. The merchant who owned the ship and the cloth also went with them.

Michael soon learned his new duties. His work was always well done, and he could always be trusted. The merchant was pleased and soon gave him a better position.

After the return of the ship to Holland, the merchant became very sick, and could not go on another voyage. Michael was the only person whom he knew that he could trust with the ship. So Michael sailed away with a rich cargo of cloth. He arrived safely at

Morocco and took the cloth to the market place.

Morocco was ruled by a sultan who was a very cruel man. He could do whatever he liked with any one or anything in his country. If any one displeased or disobeyed him, he would order that man's head cut off, and take all his property. It was the duty of one of his officers to cut off heads. He was called the public executioner.

One day, while walking through the market, the sultan saw the beautiful cloths that Michael had for sale. He asked the price of one piece that pleased him. Michael told him, but the sultan offered only half the price.

"I cannot let you have the cloth for less than that price," said Michael. "My master set the price, and the cloth is worth it."

The sultan's face grew dark with anger. The people trembled, for they thought the boy would be put to death immediately. "I will give you until to-morrow to think about that," growled the sultan, and he walked away.

Michael put away the cloth, and went on selling to customers. His friends begged him to let the sultan have the cloth, but he said, "No, my life is in God's hands. If my master loses a single penny by me, then I am not a faithful servant."



On the next day, the sultan came again. With him were servants and the public executioner. He again asked Michael the price of the cloth, and Michael replied, "The price

is the same as it was yesterday. I cannot change it. You may take my life if you wish, but I shall die as an honest man and a true servant of my master."

Everybody expected the sultan to say, "Strike off his head!" but the order was not given.

The sultan stepped forward and said, "Give me your hand. You shall be my friend, for you are a noble fellow. I wish I had a servant so trustworthy and true. I shall buy the cloth at your price. It shall be made into a robe of honor in memory of your faithfulness."

The money was paid, and the cloth was carried to the sultan's palace.

After many years Michael became an admiral and had command of the navies of Holland. To this day he is honored and loved by his countrymen, because he was always faithful, always a true servant of his country, and always dared to do right.

council honorable exclaimed danced
 accepted troubled drowned paraded

THE PIPER OF HAMELIN

In Germany there is a pretty little city named Hamelin. About five hundred years ago the people of this city were in great trouble because there were thousands of mice and rats everywhere.

They were in the streets, in the houses, in the dining rooms, in the kitchens, and in the bedrooms. They ate the food on the tables. They killed the cats and the dogs, and bit the children.

The people were greatly troubled. In the town hall, the mayor and the council had a meeting, but they could think of no way to get the rats out of the city.

While they were talking, a stranger came into the room. He was tall and thin. He had blue eyes, long yellow hair, and a dark skin. He wore a long coat which was half red and half yellow.

He stepped before the mayor and the council and said, "Honorable mayor and gentlemen, if I drive the rats from your city, will you give me a thousand pieces of gold?"

"A thousand!" exclaimed the mayor. "We will give you five thousand."

Then the piper went into the street, took a long pipe from his coat, and began to play. As he played louder and louder, mice and rats, large and small, old and young, black and brown, thin and fat, came running out of the houses. They came by tens and dozens, and by families with fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, and cousins, and all their children.

They followed the piper slowly down the street, until they came to the river. There they all ran into the water and were drowned. Then there was great joy in Hamelin.

The people rang the church bells, built bonfires, and paraded through the streets. The mayor and the councilmen were delighted.

Then the piper returned and said to the

mayor, "Now that the mice and rats are dead give me the thousand pieces of gold."

"Thousand pieces of gold!" cried the mayor, "that was only a joke. It is too much money. The rats are dead and cannot come back. Take fifty."

"Sir," replied the piper, "take care or you will be sorry for your injustice. You will find that I can play another tune."

"What, do you threaten me?" said the mayor, in anger. "Go, and blow your pipe until you burst."

Once more the piper stepped into the street and began to play the most beautiful music that the people had ever heard. Then they heard a rustling, the sounds of little feet, the clapping of little hands, and the chatter of little tongues. All the children, skipping and laughing, went down the street after the piper.

The mayor was dumb. The council could not move. The mothers and fathers called their children, but could not follow them.

They saw the piper go up the street toward

a high mountain. They thought: "The mountain is too steep for the children to climb. They will soon return."



But when the piper came to the mountain side, a large door opened. In walked the

piper and in danced the children. The door closed and the mountain was as before.

By the mountain side was left only one little lame boy. He said, "I wish to go with the other children. When the man played, his pipe told us about a beautiful land, where the sun is shining, birds are singing, fruit trees and flowers are growing, the children are playing in the fields, and no one is ever ill or lame. I came as fast as I could, but I was too late. I cannot find the door." He cried because now he never could see that beautiful country.

The fathers and mothers of Hamelin waited and waited for their children, but they never came back. They had no rats, but because they had been so dishonest they also had no children.

If you should go to Hamelin to-day, the people will show you the mountain and the river. You may walk down Piper Street, but you will hear no music. Since that sad day no one has been allowed to sing or to play a tune on this street.

brinø	spǎnglø	dūlsø	slayghtēr
rōvø	wrāthfūl	mýriād	trānuillý
lēǵ	flintý	mūrky	billōwǵ

THE CORAL GROVE

Deep in the wave is the coral grove,
 Where the purple mullet and the goldfish rove,
 Where the sea flower spreads its leaves of blue
 That never are wet with the falling dew,
 But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
 Far down in the green and glassy brine.
 The floor is of sand, like the mountain's drift,
 And the pearl shells spangle the flinty snow;
 From coral rocks the sea plants lift
 Their bows, where tides and billows flow;
 The water is calm and still below,
 For the winds and waves are absent there,
 And the sands are bright as the sands that
 glow
 In the motionless fields of upper air.
 There, with its waving blade of green,
 The sea flag streams through the silent water,
 And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen

To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter.
There, with light and easy motion,
The coral fan sweeps through the clear, deep
 sea,

And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea,
And life in rare and beautiful forms
Is sporting amid these bowers of stone,
And is safe when the wrathful Spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own;
And when the ship from his fury flies,
When the myriad voices of the Ocean roar,
When the wind god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;
There far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and the goldfish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

An idler is a watch that wants both hands;
As useless if it goes as if it stands.

ch/ěf	chirpød	eōød	çēasø
fěrtilø	plēáděd	rūsflø	beetlēs
feeblø	thăchings	rīplø	erēak
eričkěts	shădōw	tōwēr	mīghtŷ

THE SPRING MAIDEN

On a small island lived a chief, named Oma, and his people. The island was beautiful and fertile. On the seashore and among the hills grew the cocoa palm. Bananas and other fruits grew everywhere. In the fields were taro, rice, and sugar cane. In the forest-covered hills brooks flowed from springs of cool, clear water.

The people built their towns under the shadow of the palms near the seashore. There they could hear the breaking of the waves and get the cool breezes from the sea. They loved their beautiful island and were as happy as the crickets that chirped in the grass or the doves that cooed in the trees.

But robbers often came in the night and carried away many cocoanuts, taros, bananas, and other fruits. The people watched, and

set traps and snares for them, but could not catch them.

One evening Oma was sitting by a large spring near his home. He was tired, for all day he had been trying to think of some way



to catch the robbers. The new moon was in the sky, and Oma thought how beautiful it was, as the little white clouds floated by it, one by one. He listened to the rustling of the leaves in the gentle sea breeze, and to the rippling of the water in the brook.

He was looking at the shadow of the moon

in the water, when he saw a youth and a maiden rise from the spring. They were as white as the moonlight and very beautiful.

Oma knew that they were not real people like himself, but people from the great dark caves of the earth. So he hid behind some leaves.

They stood by the spring and began to sing in soft, sweet voices. They sang this song to their god, Anuku, to help them :—

“ Great Anuku, the mighty !
Good Anuku, the tall !
Darken the shadows for us,
Tower the palms before us,
Deepen the sleep of the sleepers,
Sweeten the dreams of the sleepers,
Darken the darkness of night !

“ Sleep, O crickets in the fields,
Sleep and cease your chirping,
Sleep, O never resting ants,
Sleep and cease your labors ;
Sleep, O beetles of the night,
Sleep and cease your humming ;

Cease, O winds, from whispering,
Cease, O grass, from rustling,
Cease, O reeds, from swaying,
Cease, O brook, from rippling,
Cease, O sea, from breaking;
Slumber, beams of the houses,
Slumber, doors that creak,
Slumber, woven work of reeds,
Slumber, fires that glimmer,
Slumber, thatchings of leaves,
Slumber, slumber all.

“Great Anuku, the mighty!
Good Anuku, the tall!
Darken the shadows for us,
Tower the palms before us,
Deepen the sleep of the sleepers,
Sweeten the dreams of the sleepers,
Darken the darkness of night,
Shadow the light of the moon,
Close the eyes of the stars,
Sleep! Sleep! Sleep!”

Their song floated over the land and the sea. As they sang, the breezes ceased blow-

ing, the leaves stopped rustling, and the reeds stood still. The brook and the waves of the ocean went to sleep. The beetles and the crickets slumbered. The moon hid her face behind a cloud. The air was hushed. Everything was asleep. The night was dark and still.

Then the youth and the maiden went to gather fruit. When they were gone, Oma thought he would try to catch them. He put a fish net in the spring, and waited.

Just as the new moon dipped one of her horns into the ocean, a cricket chirped, and a thousand crickets answered. The breezes began to blow, the leaves to rustle, the reeds to sway, the brook to ripple, the waves to break on the shore, and the stars to shine brightly. The god Anuku could not make all things sleep after the moon had set.

The white youth and maiden came to the spring carrying fruit and nuts. When they saw Oma, they dived into the spring and were caught in the net. While Oma was pulling out the net, the youth jumped over it and disappeared in the spring.

The maiden could not get away. She pleaded and wept, but Oma put large pieces of coral rock over the spring. Then he took her to his home.

The people wondered at her great beauty. Her eyes were like bright stars in the night. When she moved, light came from her body. When she swam in the brook or in the sea, her path was like the moonshine on the waters.

She became Oma's wife and lived with him many years. He grew old, but she was always the same.

A son was born. He grew tall and beautiful like his mother, but he was not so white. He was white like the strangers from over the seas. His eyes were bright like his mother's.

When the son was ten years old, his mother said to Oma: "I must now leave you. If I stay longer, I shall die. Take away the rocks from the spring, so that I may go."

They walked to the spring together. Oma rolled away the stones. She kissed him and

promised to return. Then she dived into the spring and disappeared like a gleam of light.

Oma was very sad. He wished that he might go with her; but he was only a man and could not live in the water. He did not put the rocks on the spring again, but went home to his little son.

One night there was a great storm. The trees bent in the wind like reeds. The waves of the ocean dashed high on the shore. When the night was darkest, Oma heard a voice crying and calling. He felt kisses upon his forehead. In the morning his son was gone.



Every evening for many years Oma went to the spring and waited for his wife and son to return, but they never came. His hair became white like the silvery clouds in the sky. He became very old and feeble. His

people laid him on his bed and watched over him.

One night, when the new moon was bright, the people heard a low sweet voice singing the old song. It was the song that Oma had heard by the spring fifty years before.

“Great Anuku, the mighty!
Good Anuku, the tall!”

Sweeter and softer grew the singing. Again the crickets ceased chirping; the palms, the reeds, the brook, the sea, were still. A stillness came over all the world. The eyes of the watchers closed in sleep.

Then the woman, whiter than the moonlight, came into the room. She took Oma's gray head in her arms. She sang to him, she stroked his aged face, and kissed him.

When the sun rose, the watchers awoke. They looked at Oma. A smile was on his face. They thought he was asleep. They called him; he answered not. They touched him; he moved not. He slept forever.

OUR NATIVE LAND

God bless our native land,
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save,
By Thy great might.
For her our prayers shall rise,
To God above the skies,
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

MY COUNTRY

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain-side,
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee, —
 Land of the noble free, —
 Thy name I love ;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills,
 My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees,
 Sweet freedom's song ;
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break —
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
 Author of Liberty,
 To Thee we sing ;
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light ;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God our King.

KEY TO MARKS OF PRONUNCIATION

a	e	i
ā mādē	ē hē	ī kīte
ǎ ăt	ee sleep	ĭ ĭt
ä ärm	ě gět	î = ê nîpă
a all	ē hēr	ĩ = ē bĩrd
â bâre	ê = â thêre	
à ask	ē = ā they	
a = ǒ was		ȳ = ĭ dry
ā = ē collār		ȳ = ĭ sleepȳ
o	oo	
ō bōw	ōō spōon	ōw } dōwn
ǒ ǒn	oo bōok	ou } grōund
o = ǒō cōuld		ēw = ū fēw
o = ǒō dō		ew = ǒō grēw
ô = ũ sōn	u yōū	oi pōint
ô = ă bōught	ũ ũp	oy = oi bōy
ō = ē wōrk	û = ē bûrn	
	u = ǒō pull	
	u = ǒō rulē	
s = z thesē	th thin	ġ = j dangēr
ç = s çent	th this	e = k eamē
		n = ng ĩnk

In this table and in the following word list, silent letters are represented by italics; as, *e*, *w*, *u*, *l*, *g*, *h*, etc.

WORD LIST INCLUDING THE MOST DIFFICULT WORDS
IN THE PRECEDING LESSONS

à döpt'éd — taken as one's own.

a gainst' (à gēnst') — towards ; facing ; on the other side.

à gree' — to believe or think the same things.

à gree'à ble — pleasant.

āl eäl'de — mayor ; chief of a town.

al read'ý — ready ; done or made before.

à mūse' — to do for pleasure.

ān'swēr — to reply to a question or a demand.

āp pēar' — to come into sight.

āp plied' — asked for.

bāl'ance — to have the same weight on each side.

bē lēve' — to think true.

bē sīdeq' — in addition to ; more than.

blōom'ing — flowering.

bōast — to speak very highly of one's self ; to brag.

boŋ quet' (bōō kā') — a bunch of flowers.

brāve'lý — with courage ; without fear.

brīne — a mixture of salt and water, the sea.

breeze — a light, gentle wind.

bur'ý (běr'rý) — to put under the ground ; to cover.

buŋý (bīz'zý) — at work ; doing something.

cause — that by which something is done.

cease — to stop.

çēr'tain lý — surely ; truly.

chārge — to give something as a task or duty to do.

cheer'ful lý — gladly ; joyfully.

chiēf — the first ; the most important ; the head man of a tribe.

elāt'tēr ing — making short, quick sounds.

elēv'ēr — quick to think and act ; skillful in doing.

elimb — to work or pull one's self up by the hands and feet.

eōeōon' — the silkworm's case of silk.

eōm'fōrt — ease.

eōn'quēr (cōn'kēr) — to overcome ; to master.

eōn trōl' — to guide ; to direct.

eōr rēet' — to set right ; to make right.

eōst'ly — of great cost ; expensive.

eōt'tāge — a small house.

eōūr'āge — power to meet danger without fear.

eōw'ārd — one without courage.

eō'zŷ — comfortable ; easy.

erōp — corn, rice, etc., to be gathered.

erūsh — to mash ; to squeeze.

dān'gēr oūs — full of danger.

dēbt — that which is due to or should be paid to another.

dē gēive' — to be untrue ; to cheat ; to disappoint.

deedŷ — actions ; what is done.

dē fēat'ēd — conquered ; overcome.

dēnse'ly — closely together.

dē nŷ' — to say that anything is untrue.

dīf'fēr ent — not the same.

dīf'fi eūlt — hard to do.

dī rēet' — to show the right way to go, or how to do.

dīs eōūr'āged — lost courage.

dīs grāce' — a dishonor ; a cause of shame.

dīs ō bē'dīent — not obedient ; refusing to obey.

dīs rē spēet'ful — without respect.

dīs'tant — far away ; not near.

dōwn'eāst — discouraged.

dūlse — a bright red seaweed.

dūnçe — a stupid, foolish person.

dūr'ing — while ; at the same time.

dwarfs — small men, animals, or plants.

dȳed — colored.

ēar'lȳ — before the time ; soon.

ēarn — to get by working for.

ēar'nēst — persevering.

ēaſ'ī ēr — with less work or trouble ; less difficult.

ēd'ī ble — may be eaten.

ēm'ēr ald — a green gem.

ēn'trānçe — place to go in ; door.

ē tēr'nāl — endless, everlasting.

ē'vil dō'ērs — people who do wrong or evil things.

ēx çəpt' (ēk sēpt') — but ; leaving out.

fāith'ful — always true ; never deceiving.

fāst'ened — made firm or tight.

fēr'tile — producing many plants, much fruit, etc.

fi'ēr ȳ — like fire ; shining like fire.

fōlks — people ; relations.

fōr bāde' — said " must not. "

fōr ēv'ēr — for all time.

fōr'tūneſ — riches ; what life is to be.

free'dòm — the state of being free ; liberty.

frēt — not to be patient; to be uneasy.

fū'tūre — time to come.

gāz'ing — looking at steadily.

gēck'ō — a small lizard.

gēn'ēr oūs — giving easily and liberally.

glō'rī oūs — full of glory; splendid.

grāce'ful lǝ — with grace; easily.

grōaned — made a low sound as in pain.

guä'vā (gwä'vā) — a kind of fruit.

guessed — thought; said without knowing.

hāul — to pull or take in carts, etc.

hīn'dēr — to keep back; to stop.

hōl'lōw — having a hole or cavity on the inside.

hōoked — bent like a hook.

hūr'ried — went quickly.

īm'āge — a likeness of a person or a thing made of wood
or clay, etc.

īm pūre' — not pure.

īm dūs'trī oūs — busy; always at work.

īm stēad' — in the place of.

īm tēl'lī gēnt — knowing, wise, thoughtful.

īm'tēr ēst ēd — attentive to what is seen or heard.

īm vītē' — to ask to come.

jērķ'ing — moving about quickly; suddenly.

jēw'ēlǝ — gems.

jōke — something said or done to make fun.

jōur'neŷ — a trip.

jūđge (jūj) — man who decides what or who is right or wrong.

jūs'tiçe — what is right by law; giving to each what he should have.

kīl'ō mē tēr — one thousand meters.

knēlt — did kneel or go down on the knees.

lān'tēr — a lamp or light made for carrying about.

lāw'yēr — a man who knows and explains the laws.

lēa — a grassy field or meadow.

lēave — to go away from; to let stay behind.

lib'tēr tȳ — freedom.

lōose — not close, dense, or solid.

mān'nērȳ — ways of acting.

mārsh — low, wet, soft ground.

mārt — market.

mā tē'ri al — what things are made or consist of.

mēan'nēss — badness; deceit.

mēr'chant — one who buys and sells.

mēr'çi ful — full of mercy; kindness; willingness to help others.

mīn'ēr — one who digs into the earth or works in a mine.

mīnt — place where money is made.

mōr'tal — human.

mūr'kȳ — darkened as by fog or smoke.

mȳr'ī ād — a very large number.

nā'tīve — belonging to the place where one is born.

nāy — no.

neigh'bör — a person who lives near another.

ō bey' — to do as requested or bidden.

ō'cean (ō'shan) — one of the largest bodies of water.

ōp'pō ſite — facing each other; on the other side.

ōr'na ments — things which adorn.

ōught — “ought to do” — it is our duty to do.

pāint'ēd — covered with paint.

pār'don — to forgive.

pär tāke' — to share.

pär'tī cle — a very small bit or part.

pā'tient (pā'shent) — able and willing to wait.

pēaks — tops of high mountains.

pēr häps' — it may be.

pēr mīs'siōn (pēr mīsh'ūn) — leave to do something.

pēr sē vēre' — to go on without stopping; not to give up.

pīl'grīmſ — wanderers; first settlers of New England.

plās'tēr — to cover over with plaster, mud, etc.

plä'zä — an open public square in a town.

plēas'ūre (plēzh'ūr) — amusement.

pōi'ſoned — put poison in or on.

pō ſi'tiōn (pō zīsh'ūn) — place where a thing is; kind of work or situation.

pōut — to put out the lips and frown.

prāiſe — to speak highly of.

prē tēnd'ēd — tried to appear to be.

prō çēs'siōn (prō sēsh'ūn) — people marching.

prōm'ſe — to agree to do.

pũn'ish — to hit, beat, etc., because of wrongdoing.

pũrse — a bag in which to carry money.

quar'rĕl (kwŏ'rĕl) — cannot agree, disagreement.

rāised — lifted up.

rāp'tūre — great joy.

rē'al lŷ — truly.

rĕe ōm mĕn dā'tiōn (rĕk ōm mĕn dā'shŭn) — letter or other thing which speaks well of a person.

rĕnt — what is paid to another for use of land.

rĕ pĕat' — to do over again.

rĕ wārd' — what is received for something done.

rŏar'ing — making a loud noise; crying with a loud, noisy voice.

rŏbe — a long dress or coat.

rŏb'bĕrŷ — men who steal or rob.

rŏck — a large stone; to swing backward and forward.

rŏugh (rŭf) — not smooth.

sā'ered — holy; belonging to God.

seāleŷ — a thing or instrument for weighing; thin, bony pieces which cover fishes.

seārĕd — frightened; suddenly made afraid

seek -- to look for; to try to find.

sĕlf'ish — caring most for one's self.

sĕrve — to work for; obey or worship.

sĕv'ēr al — more than two, but not many

shĕp'/hĕrd — a man who watches sheep.

shĕp'/hĕrd ess — a woman who watches sheep.

- shiēld — to protect; something which protects.
 sī'lent — still, without a sound.
 sīl'vēr ŷ — shining like silver.
 sīn'gle — only one.
 skill'ful lŷ — with skill; cleverly.
 sniffed — smelt of.
 sōil — the ground; to make dirty.
 sōl'diēr (sōl'jēr) — a man who fights for his country.
 sōl'ēm — thoughtful, serious.
 sōr'rŷ — sad; grieved.
 sprēad — to open out; to stretch out.
 stārve — to die from hunger.
 stēal — to take without permission what belongs to another
 stōred — put away to keep.
 strānge — not before seen or heard.
 strāy — wander away from the right path.
 strōke — to draw the hand gently, softly over.
 strūck — hit.
 stūck — did stick; or cling fast to.
 stū'pid — dull; slow to think and act.
 sŷe ġeed' — to win.
 sŷur'e'lŷ (shŷur'lŷ) — certainly, without doubt.
 sŷur'round' — to come on all sides of.
 swārm — a very large number of insects together.
 swēll — to grow larger, to puff up.
 swērve — to turn away from; to go out of a straight line.
 tāsġ — work which one must do.
 tāsġht — did teach.
 tēase — to make angry by little mean things.

ts' shi — white silk.

ts' shi — to bear the strain of the storm.

ts' shi — a dart or piece of wood at the bottom of a wave.

ts' shi — it existed: existed.

ts' shi — a good order: heat and calm.

ts' shi — on the ends of the toes.

ts' shi — to work very hard.

ts' shi — (quietly, peacefully).

ts' shi — may be seen through.

ts' shi — easily things, as money, jewels, etc.

ts' shi — to waste, not to make good use of.

ts' shi — difficulty: sorrow.

ts' shi — what is true.

vá'vain (vá'vain) — strong; full of courage; brave.

vá'v — courage; strength.

vá'v — disappeared.

watchet — guarded; looked after closely.

vai — not strong.

vai — fitness.

weighting — balancing; finding the weight of.

what — all of a thing.

who — those who give proof that a thing happens.

who — causing wonder or surprise.

who — hurt; injured.

who — (sing'led) — covered with small ridges.

ye — yes.

ye — cried or shouted very loudly.

sā'
sēā

sēā.
seel
sēlf
sērv
sēv'
shēp
shēp

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

tēr'mītes — white ants.

thrēsh — to beat the grain off the straw.

thrēsh'ōld — a board or piece of wood at the bottom of a door.

thrills — is excited; excites.

tī'dý — in good order; neat and clean.

tīp'tōe — on the ends of the toes.

toil — to work very hard.

trān'quīl lý — quietly, peacefully.

trāns pâr'ent — may be seen through.

trēas'ūres (trēzh'ūrs) — costly things, as money, jewels, etc.

trī'fle — to waste, not to make good use of.

trou'ble — difficulty; sorrow.

truth — what is true.

vāl'iant (vāl'yant) — strong; full of courage; brave.

vāl'ōr — courage; strength.

vān'ished — disappeared.

watched — guarded; looked after closely.

wēak — not strong.

wēalth — riches.

weigh'ing — balancing; finding the weight of.

whōle — all of a thing.

wīt'nēss ēs — those who give proof that a thing happened.

wōn'dēr fūl — causing wonder or surprise.

wōund'ēd — hurt; injured.

wrīn'kled (rīng'kld) — covered with small ridges.

yeā — yes.

yēlled — cried or shouted very loudly.







